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KING HENRY THE FIFTH

SHAKSPERE

LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

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Shakespeare's King Henry the
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Julia C. Ward.
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LONGMANS' ENGLISH CLASSICS

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WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Longmans' English Classics

SHAKSPERE'S

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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PREFACE

The method here employed in editing "Henry V" for the use of secondary schools in the United States is similar to that I used in my edition of "Julius Cæsar" (1900). The aim in both cases has been to help the young student to understand the play and to interest him in Shakspere and his work. Certain general passages in the introductions are identical in both editions.

Some notes of an historical or linguistic character have been taken or adapted, with the permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., from the corresponding volume in their Swan Series, designed chiefly for use in English schools. The text is, by permission, that prepared by Professor W. A. Neilson for the "Cambridge" series of English poets (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

G. C. D. O.

New York City, *October*, 1905.

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INTRODUCTION

I. Life

Shakspere was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1564—it is generally supposed, on the 23d of April. He was the eldest son of John Shakspere, a man of good yeoman stock, who moved from Snitterfield to Stratford somewhere about 1551, and started in business as a glover, according to one story; as a butcher, according to another; and as a produce merchant—a dealer in corn, malt, wool, meat, skins—according to a third. All accounts agree that this business, whatever its nature, was prosperous; furthermore, John Shakspere's marriage to Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a rich farmer of Wilmcote, added materially to his fortunes, for Robert Arden, on his death in 1556, left this daughter Mary not only a legacy in money, but the fee-simple of Asbies, his chief property in Wilmcote, in addition to an interest he had previously given her in some Snitterfield property. It is probable, therefore, that at first the parents of the poet could well afford to maintain him at the Stratford grammar school, and here he must have acquired the "small Latin and less Greek" Ben Jonson credits him with knowing; bits of Latin found in his plays come largely from textbooks used by schoolboys of that time. The French and the Italian scattered through his work may have been learned in later life. Ordinarily a boy's training at this school would have continued from his seventh to his four-

teenth year; but it is assumed that Shakspere left in his thirteenth year, to prop the falling fortunes of his family.

Before this, John Shakspere had risen to a position of considerable influence in the town. In 1561, he was one of the two chamberlains of Stratford; in 1565, alderman; and finally, in 1568, high bailiff; from 1567 the corporation archives give him the honourable prefix "Mr." In 1575, he bought two houses in Stratford, one of them doubtless the alleged birthplace of the poet in Henley Street. But in 1578 he was unable to pay various corporation taxes. On November 14 of that year he was forced to mortgage Asbies for £40, and a year later to dispose of his wife's property at Snitterfield. Things went from bad to worse. In 1585 and 1586, a creditor found that John Shakspere had no goods on which distraint could be levied; finally, on September 6, 1586, the elder Shakspere was deprived of his alderman's gown because of his long absence from the council's meetings. It is quite likely, then, that he may have removed from school his oldest son to help him in business; and this business may have narrowed down to the one branch of butchering suggested in the tradition that makes the youthful poet once to have been a slayer of cattle. "When he killed a calf," Aubrey quaintly tells us, "he would do it in a high style and make a speech."

In 1582, in spite of the distresses of his father, Shakspere married Anne Hathaway, daughter of a well-to-do yeoman of Shottery. Of this union three children were born. His wife was eight years his senior, and there are grounds for believing the marriage an uncongenial one. This fact, and the desire to help his family, probably, led Shakspere to seek his fortune in London, about 1585. Tradition, however, has always assigned, as the immediate cause of departure, a poaching expedition to the deer preserves of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Hall.

There is a further tradition to the effect that Shakspere's first connection with the theatre was purely external; he watched over the horses of gallants who rode to the play. Within the playhouse he was at first but a servant of the actors, a prompter or call-boy; from this humble position he became actor and afterwards shareholder in the company to which he belonged. To just what theatre he was first attached is not known; but after 1599 his fortunes were definitely and finally cast with the famous Globe Theatre. He was, after the accession of James I, one of the King's Players. His plays were frequently acted at court before both Elizabeth and James.

He began his work by adapting old plays, and these early efforts retain many of the crudities of the originals on which they were founded. But, as the years went on, Shakspere developed a style entirely his own, like—yet very unlike—what we call the Elizabethan style. It should always be remembered that Shakspere was the greatest of a great school of dramatists, and that Marlowe, Massinger, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Webster, and Chapman had gifts and graces far too distinguished to be eclipsed by any but the greatest. From "Romeo and Juliet," in the early nineties of the sixteenth century, Shakspere's fame was assured.

His fortunes also rose. The Earl of Southampton was his patron, and is said to have helped him once with the princely gift of £1,000. Moreover, his profits from the theatre were large. He is known to have bought one house in London. Nevertheless his thoughts were ever turning toward his native town. He longed most for the life of a country gentleman; to that end, he strove to reestablish the family fortunes. He bought and lived in the pretentious New Place at Stratford; and his father's success, on applying for a coat-of-arms, finally enrolled the Shaksperes among the rural gentry. To support this posi-

tion, Shakspere bought up a part interest in the tithes of Stratford; and that he was no laggard in business is further proved by sûits he brought to recover money from two insolvent debtors. The father's misfortunes had made the son wary in his dealings. He offers a curious instance of strong, practical business qualities combined with the highest imaginative power. At any rate, the poor boy who came to London in 1585 or thereabouts, left London, in 1611–13, very comfortably rich, for that time, in lands and goods, with his scutcheon firmly established, and with all the honour such solid respectability commands. Shakspere died April 23, 1616, and is buried in the parish church at Stratford. His wife and two daughters survived him.

This is all that is known, and much of what is surmised, of the life of Shakspere. But some recent writers, giving a personal interpretation of his sonnets, and fixing in some cases a purely arbitrary order for the production of his plays, have built up a fabric of romance around the poet's life which makes him to have been a man of bright, good-humoured character, saddened by some great sorrow, later rendered misanthropic and distrustful of the whole world, and gradually emerging from this vortex of tragic gloom somewhere toward the end of his life. This story seems to be founded—except in so far as the sonnets are concerned—on the fact that in his young manhood Shakspere wrote stirring, manly plays like "Henry IV" and "Henry V," and rich, golden comedies like "Much Ado," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night"; that in his mature manhood he wrote the great tragedies "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Othello," and the misanthropic "Troilus and Cressida," "Coriolanus," and "Timon of Athens"; and that in later life he wrote plays of a less plangent melancholy, especially enlivened with portraiture of lovely young girlhood—"The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." This theory

of his life apparently would deprive Shakspere of some of his dramatic power, and make his characters but expressions of his own state of mind; but it has strong advocates as well as strong opponents.

No account of Shakspere would be complete that did not include some discussion of the times in which he lived. The England of Elizabeth has been celebrated in song and story, and though we are likely now to exaggerate much of the charm of that by-gone "Merry England," there can be little doubt that the period was one of almost unmatched vigour and richness of experience. In the first place, the discovery of the new world was opening men's eyes to the wonders of creation lying remote from the world of Europe; and the manly English race were among the first to seek those far-off regions in the sea. It should be remembered that in Shakspere's youth less than a century had elapsed since the discoveries of Columbus, and men by repeated voyages were still adding piece by piece to the ideas that were ultimately to take shape in the conception of the New World as we know it to-day. The discovery of America was a very gradual thing indeed, and people in Shakspere's day were still quick to believe anything hardy mariners might tell them; this imaginative wonder is the very essence of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Furthermore, the Reformation had released men's minds from spiritual thraldom as the discovery of America had awakened their imagination. It was an age of the renaissance of learning and letters to which Shakspere was born. Finally, the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 and the downfall of England's greatest rival on the seas had aroused patriotism to the height of religious fervour; as typified in the person of the "Virgin Queen," it had all the chivalrous elements that one associates with the most virile and romantic of nations. And all these traits were seen against a back-

ground of general commercial prosperity; the nation could afford to enjoy life and to make its happiness picturesque.

This is the ideal condition of affairs for art and literature. And the Elizabethan age was the time of England's richest efflorescence in letters. The poet Spenser and the philosopher Bacon; Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh—these are some of the names of that great period. But the minds of writers generally turned toward the theatre, that new opening for literature, and it is chiefly by the dramatic poets of the time that the Elizabethan age is celebrated. The greatest of these dramatists, beside Shakspere, is Christopher Marlowe, whose "Dr. Faustus," "Tamburlaine the Great," and "Edward II" are among the glories of English literature. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dekker, Ford, Chapman, Webster,—these men must be studied by one who wishes only a superficial knowledge of the Elizabethan drama. Against most of these authors Shakspere pitted his talents and from them he won the palm, not only in his own day, but for all time. It is a noble group of poets, distinguished, all of them, by splendid energy of style and, often, by great interest of plot; never, until the Victorian era, was England to know again so sweet an outburst of song.

Shakspere's best plays, it should be remembered, were all produced within a period of little more than twenty years. They have kept the stage until the collapse of the actor's art within the memory of people still young. The best of these plays—as plays—are those that have been most frequently acted: "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," among the comedies; "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," among the tragedies; "King

Richard III," "King Henry IV" (part I), "King Henry V," among the histories. These plays every reader of only average range should know; there is no escape. Most of the early plays, on the other hand, are interesting simply for linguistic or other special reasons, and the other histories do not act very well. The latest plays form a group by themselves, characterised by grand poetical beauty, but by no very vital dramatic action. The most sublime poetry Shakspere ever wrote is to be found in "The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest," and every well-read man loves them for that as well as for their portrayal of character; but no one who has seen any of them on the stage—unless it be "The Winter's Tale"—has found the spectacle altogether alluring or helpful. This large body of superlative work produced in about twenty years by Shakspere, in the midst of all his labours as actor and manager, is one of the marvels of literature.

Finally, to reckon Shakspere's greatness, one must consider the stage for which he wrote. Those who attended the productions of Shaksperian plays by Edwin Booth and Augustin Daly at the theatres they controlled, or who may see the superb performances by Sir Henry Irving's company, might imagine that Shakspere wrote his plays with special regard for the scene painter and the stage carpenter. As a matter of fact, the Elizabethan theatre was a rude structure, in its worst state, built on the lines of an inn-yard, probably with only the stage or platform roofed over. On the ground—a place corresponding to the later English pit—stood the "groundlings," a miscellaneous, rowdy herd of dirty, ill-smelling, ill-behaved people, who were the constant terror of the manager and the actors. Around the sides of the building ran balconies with boxes, which were occupied by the richer classes. There were proscenium boxes on each side of the

house. The nobles, rival playwrights, short-hand writers, and the young dandies sat or sprawled on the stage, a continual bother to the players. There was no scenery and the women's parts were assumed by boys. The stage was probably hung with some kind of tapestry or cloth, blue for a comedy, black for a tragedy; a rude sign indicated where the scene was laid. There was a raised platform at the back of the stage which served as a cave, a room, a family vault, etc. Above it, on pillars, may have been a balcony[1] which served for the walls of a besieged town, Juliet's balcony, or any such thing. The marvel is that Elizabethan auditors could obtain any illusion from such simple means; yet there are some to-day who would cheerfully go back to these methods if only actors could give something of the needed inspiration to their work. Nevertheless, one cannot help suspecting that Shakspere, the stage-manager, would have taken uncontrolled delight, as Richard Wagner did, in all the mechanical appliances of the modern stage.

Even in Elizabeth's day Puritanism was beginning to show itself, and the theatre was looked upon as loose and immoral. In consequence, the playhouses were banished to a remote and thinly populated district across the river, where they attracted both within and without a crowd of disreputable followers. The wonder is that, writing for such an audience, the dramatists kept their work to so high a standard as they did. And yet that Shakspere pleased these people is surely much in their favour.

II. Publication and Date of "Henry V"

It was not until 1623, seven years after his death, that any effort was made to publish a collected edition of Shakspere's works. Except for the poems "Venus and Adonis"

[1] See Brandes, page 104.

and "Lucrece," there is no evidence that he ever prepared for the press any of the productions of his pen. Many of the quarto editions of separate plays, possibly including those of "Henry V," printed during his lifetime were pirated and set up from imperfect and (apparently) shorthand copies taken in the theatre during the performance of the plays; yet Shakspere seems to have been indifferent. Some biographers reason that the theatre was distasteful to him, and that he cared for it but as a means to establish the fortunes of his family; others maintain that he considered his poems literature, and his dramas mere business commodities. Such views overlook the art of the plays; the highest creative art can never be wholly commercial, though great artists sometimes make fortunes.

It is to two of Shakspere's fellow-actors—Heminge and Condell—that we owe the publication of the 1623 Folio Shakspere; these obscure men, therefore, brought absolutely the most priceless gift to English letters. It was their aim "so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious imposters that exposed [*i.e.*, published] them—even those are now offered to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them." This explains the differences between the Folio copy and the earlier quarto editions.

In the Folio appeared twenty plays, never, so far as we know, printed before. The text throughout the book shows plentiful lack of editing; many passages are so corrupt as to exhaust modern ingenuity to fathom and restore. "Henry V," however, was fairly well edited, and the text presented in the present volume does not differ materially, except in some few notable instances, from that of the 1623 edition.

Heminge and Condell grouped the plays, without regard

to the order of their production, under the heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. "Henry V," of course, stands in the second division, and occupies pages 69–95 of the Folio. It had been published, however, in mutilated form, three times during the life of the author. The first edition (quarto), in 1600, was "printed by Thomas Creede for Tho. Millington and John Busby." The second edition, in 1602, "printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Panier," is merely a reprint of the first. The third, in 1608, "printed for T. P.," is also printed from Quarto I, but differs from it "by frequent re-arrangement of the lines, and occasional alteration or addition of words."

The Quarto text is a little less than half the length of the Folio text; it is not divided into acts and scenes; it is without the choruses, the first scene of Acts i and iii, and the second of Act iv; the fourth and fifth scenes of Act iv are transposed; some of the best speeches are much curtailed, and the French spoken by the Princess and other characters is fearfully and wonderfully made. Practically all the prose is printed in broken lines, as if it were verse. The question of course arises as to whether these crude early editions represent Shakspere's first draft of the play, or whether they are curtailed copies of the original (as produced in the long Folio edition), made for acting purposes, and perhaps surreptitiously published from shorthand copies made in the theatre, during the time of the performance. Critical opinion has veered between these two views. I do not here enter into the discussion, but would refer the reader to Mr. P. A. Daniel's Introduction to Dr. Nicholson's Parallel Text Edition of the play (New Shakspere Society, 1877) for a strong statement of the presumptive proof in favour of the second of these positions.

The *terminus ad quem*, in fixing the date of the writing of the play is, obviously, 1600, the year of the publication of the first quarto; the *terminus a quo* is 1598, the year of

the "Palladis Tamia" of Francis Meres, who mentions, in his book, a number of the plays and poems of Shakspere, but who, though he includes in his list "Henry IV" and other Histories, does not cite "Henry V." This evidence is, of course, not conclusive. As a matter of fact, however, a few lines in the Prologue to Act v (ll. 30–34) would (unless it was a later insertion) seem to justify us in settling on the summer of 1599, as the time when Shakspere was writing his play:

> "Were now the general of our gracious empress,
> As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit
> To welcome him!"

These lines clearly refer to the Earl of Essex, who was sent over against the rebel Earl of Tyrone, in March, 1599, and returned, without fulfilling this prophecy of Shakspere's, in September of the same year. Mr. Arthur Symons (Introduction to the Facsimile Quarto) attributes the reference to "this wooden O" (1 Prol., 13) to the circular or polygonal Globe Theatre, erected in 1599. This reference, however, would be as good for the year 1600 as for 1599. All things considered, there would seem to be little doubt that about 1599 is the approximate date of the play, especially as metrical tests (see page xliv) show the style to be precisely that of this time, the transition stage between the second and third periods, when Shakspere's verse was ceasing to be hampered by rule, but had not attained the free and splendid command of metrics shown progressively in the series of tragedies written in the decade 1600–1610.

III. The Sources of the Plot

So far as we know, the works on which Shakspere founded "Henry V" were (1) Raphael Holinshed's "Chronicles of

England, Scotland, and Ireland," and (2) an old play, printed in black-letter, in 1598, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court: as it was plaide by the Queenes Majesties Players." The comic episodes, apparently, are entirely original with Shakspere, his borrowings (in this play at least, if not in "Henry IV") being practically limited to the scenes of battle and royal debate.

(1) Holinshed's "Chronicles" was first published in 1577. John Hooker *alias* Vowell, Abraham Fleming, Francis Thynne, and others, produced a second edition, bringing down the English annals to January, 1587. In this second edition the text was altered or modernised, and many new passages were added. This latter is the edition, apparently, used by Shakspere in his historical plays.

Most of the serious episodes—especially in the battles in France—can be directly traced to this source; and it is very interesting to observe how Shakspere adapts and moulds the material given him. Sometimes a mere hint suffices.

Holinshed (iii, 553, 2, 44) says:

"It is said, that as he heard one of the host vtter his wish to another thus: 'I would to God there were with vs now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the King answered: 'I would not wish a man more here than I haue; we are indeed in comparison to the enimies but a few, but if God of his clemencie doo favour vs, and our iust cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well inough. But let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to God's assistance; to whome I have no doubt we shall worthilie haue cause to giue thanks therefore. And if so be that for our offense's sake we shall be deliuered into the hands of our enimies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine; but if we should fight in trust of multitude of men, and so get the victorie, (our minds being prone to pride), we should thervpon peraduenture ascribe the victorie not so much to the gift of God, as to our owne puissance, and thereby provoke his high indignation and displeas-

ure against vs: and if the enimie get the upper hand, then should our realme and countrie suffer more damage and stand in further danger. But be you of good comfort, and shew your selves valiant! God and our iust quarrell shall defend us, and deliver these our proud aduersaries with all the multitude of them which you see (or at the least the most of them) into our hands."

And (Holinshed iii. 552, 1, 56.):

"The daie following was the five and twentith of October, in the yeare 1415; being then fridaie, and the feast of Crispine and Crispinian; a daie faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowful and vnluckie to the French."

From this material, Shakspere builds up the scene (iv, 3) with the famous speech beginning "What's he that wishes so?" and the ascription of the thanks for victory to God (iv, 8, 101 ff.).

Shakspere did not hesitate to borrow words, even, when they suited him. The reader is referred to the invaluable "Shakspere's Holinshed," by Mr. W. G. Boswell-Stone; but one example, cited from his book, will illustrate:

"King Henrie aduisedlie answered: 'Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God: *I* will *not seeke* your maister at this time; but, if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my iournie now towards Calis, at their ieopardie be it; and yet wish I not anie of you so vnadvised, as to be the occasion that I die *your tawnie ground with your red blood.*"

With this compare Shakspere's treatment (iii, 6, 134 ff):

"Turn thee back,
And tell thy King *I* do *not seek* him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment. . . .
. . . . . .
Go, bid thy master well advise himself.
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall *your tawny ground with your red blood*
Discolour."

(2) The old play "The Famous Victories" is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the wild and reckless life of Henry as Prince of Wales, treated by Shakspere in 1 "Henry IV," and his reformation at the death of his father; the second dealing with the invasion and conquest of France and the wooing of the Princess Katharine. Many of the comic scenes, crude as they are, suggested, however slightly, to Shakspere the superb comedy of "Henry IV"; the name of Sir John Oldcastle occurs as belonging to one of the Prince's followers, and, as we have reason to believe, this is the name under which Falstaff originally figured in Shakspere's play. The episode of the crown (see 2 "Henry IV," iv, 5) is effectively used in the old play. For the events of "Henry V," we have the incident of the "tunne of tennis balles," the battles of Harfleur and Agincourt, the matter of the humbling of the proud French herald, and the final arrangement for peace, with the engagement in marriage of Henry and Katharine. This old play belongs to the infancy of the drama, but it has certain elements of strength, and it will always be interesting to the student of Shakspere. Though we know of no copy printed before 1598, the play was probably written some years earlier. It might pay to quote, briefly, from "The Famous Victories":

"ARCHBISHOP. And may it please your maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this present.
[*He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.*
HEN. V. What a guilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?
YORKE. And it please your grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.
HEN. V. A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be?
ARCHB. And it please you my Lord,

A messenger you know, ought to kéepe close his message,
And specially an Embassador.

HEN. V. But I know that you may declare your message
To a King, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

ARCHB. My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before your
Father's death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.

HEN. V. My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me;
But tell him that in stéed of balles of leather,
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as never were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.
Therefore get thée hence, and tel him thy message quickly,
Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.

ARCH. I beséech your grace, to deliver me your safe
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

HEN. V. Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and sword;
And tel thy lord and maister, that I Harry of England said it,
And I Harry of England, wil performe it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliver him our safe conduct,
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

[*Exeunt* ARCHBISHOP, *and the* DUKE OF YORKE.

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heaven and earth, that the proudest
French man in all France, shall rue the time that ever
These Tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I wil yt there be provided a great Nauy of ships
With all spéed, at South-Hampton.
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, if it were possible," etc.

Nothing could illustrate better than the above excerpts what Shakspere owed, and what he did not owe, to Holinshed and the author of "The Famous Victories." He received hints here and there for great situations, but more he did not receive; all that students admire in "Henry V"

is his, for his was the perception of the possibilities of the subject and his the talent that gave them final shape.

IV. The Play

Probably no admirer of Shakspere would place "Henry V" among the great or even the wholly good plays of the poet. As a matter of fact, its interest seems to be more largely epic than dramatic. It appeals, and must in its time have especially appealed, to the national spirit of the English, to the love of conquest that is, perhaps, more or less deeply implanted in every breast. But it lacks the characterisation, the conflict, the interplay of motives that give quality to the famous tragedies of the next decade of Shakspere's artistic life. The character of the King dominates the entire work, and others are used but as foils to him. Furthermore, the humorous comic episodes are but loosely knit into the texture of the play; the earlier humorous incidents are used but as a "clearing-house," as it were, for the comic personalities of "Henry IV," to show what becomes of them; and the later ones introduce soldiers of different nationalities, like Fluellen and Williams, who do hardly more than fill out the time necessary for stage-representation, without becoming integral parts of the action.

The play stands or falls, as a play, by the character and acts of Henry, himself. The subject offered splendid opportunities to Shakspere, precisely at the time he was writing his history. The English were as homogeneous, as happy, as proud of their nation and of themselves, perhaps, in the days of Elizabeth as ever before or since. The defeat of the Armada, the discovery and acquisition of strange lands beyond the seas, the deeds of the brave admirals in their fight for ocean supremacy—all this stirred national pride profoundly. And, somehow, Henry V, the great conqueror of France, had been rediscovered in this

excited time; the affections of English hearts began to twine about him as the ideal national hero. The bringing this popular hero on the stage, just at this time, was one of those lucky strokes that a poet in touch with the people can always be depended on to make. It came at the right moment, and, with its success, Shakspere ceased, practically, to write historic drama of this particular type; he passed, within a year or two, into the period of his greatest and most significant work—the tragedies that have given him enduring fame.

It is quite clear that Shakspere shared the enthusiasm of his countrymen for the warrior King. There is a thrill about the Choruses that makes them, as has been said, national anthems, and the speeches of Henry, in spite of their occasional bombast, have a boyish freshness that mirrors the feeling of the poet. Shakspere, in his chronicle-plays, had brought on the stage various kings of England, and had shown, uncompromisingly, the causes of the failure of their life-work. King John had failed through cowardice; Henry VI, through exaggerated piety superimposed on a weak and yielding disposition; Richard II had failed through inability to see the facts of life; and Richard III, through strenuous will, trying to override moral law. Henry IV had not failed, but his craft and suspicion had prevented him from wholly succeeding. And now, at the end of this line of royal characters, comes the perfect King, whom Shakspere portrays as a model of kingly success.[1]

In "Henry IV" the poet depicts Henry V, then Prince of Wales, as fleeing the artificial life and customs of the court, and interesting himself in the life of the common people of Eastcheap. He prefers reality to the affected bearing of courtiers, but, as he himself says, it is but for a time, and when he is king, he will comport himself all the

[1] See Dowden's *Shakspere—his Mind and Art*, chap. iv.

more royally for the knowledge of human nature he has gained in his wilder days. The Prince is very human and very lovable, and the King is but this young man grown to maturity. Shakspere, in "Henry V," represents him as open, frank, honest with himself and with his friends and enemies; like a good fighter, determined to have the crown of France if it is legally his, but shrinking from the acquisition of it, if the laws of man or of God forbid. Embarked on the great enterprise, he displays a courage, a fortitude, and, withal, a piety, a desire to please God and to give Him praise and glory for His assistance, that mark him as one of the most modest and manly of conquerors. This bluff, yet kindly manliness is the key-note to his character; he is one of his own army, as it were, encouraging and exhorting the faltering, courteously lamenting the necessity that brings the aged Sir Thomas Erpingham to the hardships of war, and yet, the next moment almost, "putting up" a practical joke on two of the "commoners," Fluellen and Williams. The yeoman King attracts us even after an interval of three hundred sophisticated years; we enter into his enthusiasms, and we are glad when he wins the love of the fair Katharine, in his bluff, hearty way.

But such things, after all, are epic, not dramatic. Henry does not grow upon us; he is always the same, and we always know what he will do. He is a fine type of the athletic hero and the devout warrior; but compared with Brutus or Hamlet or Macbeth or Iago, he is, to say the least, a bit thin and metallic. And what is true of him is more true of the play as a whole; successive battles and rumours of battle lack variety, especially since, as the Chorus admits, they seem terribly like stage battles, and not real combats.

All this leads, inevitably, to a kind of hollowness, at times, in the poetry. The verse of this play, in spite of some exquisite lines, is largely rhetorical; it lacks the sweetness

and the depth of much of the verse in 1 "Henry IV" (an almost infinitely finer play) and even of "Richard II." But "Henry V" has good "speeches" from the actor's or the elocutionist's point of view, and it is all picturesque and very ringing. It frequently stirs the blood, and it is well for the people to read it, if only for a re-awakening of patriotic ardour. The author of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," and "Antony and Cleopatra," though he might have regarded it with a kind of affectionate toleration, even with fond paternal interest, would hardly have wished to stake his reputation on it. Perhaps this is at once the kindest and the unkindest thing that can be said about the play.

V. Shakspere's Language

The student of Shakspere should remember that the English language three hundred years ago was in a much more fluid state than it is to-day. Good use had not been codified into the rules and principles that at present guide the writer from his earliest years; as a result, Shakspere and his contemporaries employed their mother-tongue with an almost absolute lack of restraint that must have been little short of intoxicating. These men are far from inelegant in their diction, but they used with freedom many forms that to-day would hardly pass muster with even the half-educated. Grammar and rhetoric have at last gathered under fixed laws much that in Shakspere's day was unsettled and wavering. It is commonly said that the Elizabethan writers were helped by this uncertainty in the medium they used, and that a more rigid discipline would have hampered their genius. Shakspere at least may be given the benefit of the doubt. It is more to our purpose here to see wherein the Elizabethans had the advantage in freedom over nineteenth century writers, and a brief dis-

cussion of the Shaksperian language will follow, for the assistance of those who may be making, in this play, their first venture in the study of the greatest of the English poets.

Three things the reader of Shakspere must at once become accustomed to: (1) Shakspere's rather free syntax; (2) his unhampered use of words; and (3) his large and unrestrained manner of expressing thought. A discussion of these three subjects will help the young student to understand much that may seem to him odd or inexplicable in the poet's work. The discussion, here, will be based entirely on "Henry V," with the caution that what is said under the first two heads in connection with this play will usually be found applicable to almost any other of the plays, and, indeed, to any piece of Elizabethan literature.

Shaksperian Grammar.

Personal Pronouns

1. The Neuter Possessive.—*Its* is rarely found in Elizabethan writing; instead, Shakspere and his contemporaries largely use the Old English possessive (neuter) *his*.[1] Several instances occur in "Henry V."

Examples: "Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness So soon did lose *his* seat" (i, 1, 35–6); "His contemplation . . . which, no doubt, Grew like the summer grass. . . Unseen, yet crescive in *his* faculty" (i, 1, 63–66); "As does a galled rock . . O'erhang and jutty *his* confounded base" (iii, 1, 12–13); "For it [the sun] shines bright and never changes, but keeps *his* course truly" (v, 2, 160–1).

[1] Shakspere frequently uses the form *it* for the neuter possessive: It lifted up *it* head (*Hamlet*, i, 2, 216).

2. Thou and You.—The second person singular is used (*a*) to relatives and intimate friends; (*b*) to inferiors in rank; (*c*) in a contemptuous way toward strangers; and (*d*), as it was becoming somewhat archaic in Shakspere's time, in the exalted language of poetry or prophecy. Yet these rules are not infallible.

Notice that in Act i, Scene 2, King Henry uses the formal and dignified *you* to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the French Ambassador; that in Act iv, Scene 1, he uses the *thou* of affection to Sir Thomas Erpingham; and that in Act iv, Scene 7, he uses the *thou* of contempt (perhaps) to the French herald Montjoy, as indeed the latter had used it (seemingly) toward him in iv, 3, 79 ff.

3. Personal and Reflexive Pronoun Confused.—This still common habit is to be observed in "Henry V."

Example: "When I do rouse *me*" (i, 2, 275); "*Myself* have play'd The interim" (5 *Prol.*, 43).

Relative Pronouns

4. Who and Which Interchangeable.—*Who*, in Shakspere, is not kept strictly for people, nor *which*, for inferior animals and things without life.

Example: "King Pepin, *which* deposed Childeric" (i, 2, 65); "Blithild, *which* was daughter to King Clothair" (i, 2, 67). Cf. "Hugh Capet, also, *who* usurp'd the crown" (i, 2, 69).

5. Case Forms.—As there was great confusion, in Shakspere's time, between the forms of the nominative and accusative cases of the personal pronoun (though this confusion is not illustrated in "Henry V"), so there was confusion as to the forms of the nominative and accusative cases of the relative pronoun *who*.

Example: "*Who* to disobey were against all proportion of subjection" (iv, 1, 138).

6. The Which.—This form (cf. the French *lequel*) occurs frequently in "Henry V." The antecedent is likely to be indefinite.

Examples: "For *the which* supply" (1 *Prol.*, 31); "By *the which* marriage" (i, 2, 84); "To *the which* This knight . . . hath likewise sworn" (ii, 2, 91–3); "Those impieties for *the which* they are now visited" (iv, 1, 165–6); "Native graves, upon *the which*" (iv, 3, 96); "The King hath heard them; to *the which* as yet there is no answer made" (v, 2, 74–5).

7. The Relative Omitted.—"We will . . . in France, play a set Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard" (i, 2, 262–3).

Adjectives

8. Double Comparatives and Superlatives.—This usage, common enough in Shakspere, occurs at least once in "Henry V."

Example: "*More sharper* than your swords" (iii, 5, 37).

9. The Article *A(n)*.—"Henry V" employs the article *an* before words beginning with *h*, where modern American usage, at least, tends to *a*.

Example: "*an* humour" (ii, 1, 49).

10. Adjectives Used for Adverbs.—"Henry V" contains a few instances of this now faulty construction.

Example: "We may as *bootless* spend our vain command" (iii, 3, 21).

Verbs

11. The Verbal Ending *-eth*.—This antique ending of the third singular present is very common in "Henry V," usually with the forms *hath* and *doth*, and gives, as usual, an effect of impressive dignity.

Examples: "And the mute wonder *lurketh* in men's ears" (i, 1, 49); "Alas she *hath* from France too long been chas'd, And all her husbandry *doth lie* on heaps" (v, 2, 38–9).

12. The Plural Indicative *Be*.—The use of *be* in the indicative is sometimes like that of the subjunctive, to express doubt, or where the subject follows the verb and is somewhat general. It is generally found, in the indicative, only in the plural.

Examples: "Minding true things by what their mockeries *be*" (4 *Prol.*, 53); "*Be* these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?" (iv, 5, 8); "When articles too nicely urg'd *be* stood on" (v, 2, 94).

13. Past Participles.—In Shakspere's time, the final *-en* of past participles was becoming archaic, and the Elizabethan writers substitute, where the past participle might be mistaken for an infinitive, the past tense of the verb. This very frequently occurs in "Henry V."

Examples: "In the book of Numbers is it *writ*" (i, 2, 98); "That England . . . Hath *shook* and trembled" (i, 2, 153–4); "Thou hast *spoke* the right" (ii, 1, 114); "You may be marvellously *mistook*" (iii, 6, 77); "The King himself is *rode* to meet their battle" (iv, 3, 2); "All our ranks are *broke*" (iv, 5, 6). Yet cf. "*well-foughten* field" (iv, 6, 18).

Note.—These usages still prevail in vulgar speech.

Other participles are found, of form differing from that now in use.

Examples: "With hearts *create* of duty and of zeal" (ii, 2, 31); "With *casted* slough" (iv, 1, 23).

14. Omission of *To* of the Infinitive.—After certain verbs, Shakspere omits the sign of the infinitive.

Examples: "Desires you *let* the dukedoms that you claim Hear no more of you" (i, 2, 256–7); "Willing you *overlook* this pedigree" (ii, 4, 90); "And bids you . . . *Deliver* up the crown and *to take* mercy" (ii, 4, 102–3).

15. The Auxiliary *Do*.—The invariable effect of the use of the auxiliary *do* is like that of the verbal ending *-eth;* it adds dignity or solemnity to the poetry.

Examples: "The very casques That *did affright* the air at Agincourt" (1 *Prol.*, 13–14); "For God *doth know* how many now in health," etc. (i, 2, 18); "When I *do rouse* me in my throne of France" (i, 2, 275); "Who, like a foul and ugly witch, *doth limp* So tediously away" (4 *Prol.*, 21–22).

16. Omission of *Do* in Questions.—Similar to the preceding is the effect of this frequent usage in inverted questions.

Examples: "Think you not that the powers we bear with us, Will cut," etc. (ii, 2, 15–16); "Cam'st thou from the bridge?" (iii, 6, 84).

17. Omission of *To come* or *to go* with Certain Verbs.—This usage, common in "Julius Cæsar" (see Grammar in Introduction to "Julius Cæsar," in this series), occurs but rarely in "Henry V."

Examples: "We will aboard" (ii, 2, 12); "Desire them all to my pavilion" (iv, 1, 27).

18. Singular Verb with Plural Subject.—This use frequently occurs in relative clauses, with collective nouns,

or when the subject follows the verb and may therefore be considered indeterminate. This is not, however, invariably the case.

Examples: "The flat unraised spirits that *hath* dar'd" (1 *Prol.*, 9); "As *is* our wretches fetter'd in our prisons" (i, 2, 243); "Thus *comes* the English with full power upon us" (ii, 4, 1); "The kindred of him *hath* been flesh'd upon us" (ii, 4, 50); "And lay apart The borrow'd glories that . . . *'longs* To him," etc. (ii, 4, 80–3); "When creeping murmur and the poring dark *Fills*," etc. (4 *Prol.*, 2–3); "Whose hours [subject] the peasant best *advantages*" (iv, 1, 270); "The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory *Doth* root upon" (v, 2, 45–6); "Reproach and everlasting shame *Sits* mocking in our plumes" (iv, 5, 4–5).

19. Plural Verb with Singular Subject.—This use, common to-day, where a plural substantive intervenes between subject and verb, occurs once in "Henry V."

Example: "The *venom* of such looks, we fairly hope, *Have* lost their quality" (v, 2, 18–19).

20. Subjunctive Mood.—The subjunctive, as might be expected from the constant tendency of our language to simplify, is much more common in Shakspere than it is to-day, particularly in conditional or other dependent clauses.

Examples: "I think it *be*" (iv, 1, 85); "Though war nor no known quarrel *were* in question" (ii, 4, 17); "As *were* a war in expectation" (ii, 4, 20); "That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants . . . *were* enow" (iv, 2, 26–8); "*Were* now the general of our gracious empress" (5 *Prol.*, 30).

21. Subjunctive Hortative.—Shakspere also frequently uses the subjunctive, sometimes with the subject and verb inverted, to express an exhortation, or a mild command.

Examples: "*Question* your grace the late ambassadors" (ii, 4, 31); "*Think* we King Harry strong" (ii, 4, 48); "Our heralds *go* with him" (iv, 7, 109); "But to thy arm alone, *Ascribe* we all" (iv, 8, 102–3); "*Go* we in procession" (iv, 8, 108); "*Prepare* we for our marriage" (v, 2, 339).

22. Other Uses of the Subjunctive.—The subjunctive is especially used after verbs expressing desire.

Examples: "You would desire the King *were* made a prelate" (i, 1, 40).

23. Verbs Used in Constructions now Obsolete.—Under this heading are grouped various constructions, such as (1) impersonal, where we now use the personal construction with the same verb; (2) verbs used transitively, with an object, where the modern construction requires a more roundabout expression; (3) a passive construction, where we now use an active, intransitive verb; and (4) verbs used transitively without the prepositions that modern usage requires.

Examples:

(1) "The offer *likes* not" (3 *Prol.*, 32); "This lodging *likes* me better" (iv, 1, 16).

(2) "The blood and courage that *renowned* them," *i.e.*, made them renowned (i, 2, 118); "Myself have play'd the interim, by *remembering* you 'tis past" (5 *Prol.*, 43).

(3) "She has been then more *fear'd* (frightened) than harm'd" (i, 2, 155).

(4) "*List* his discourse" (i, 1, 43); "Let us *condole* the knight" (ii, 1, 118); "He *smiled* me in the face" (iv, 6, 21). This last, however, may be an instance of the ethical dative.

Adverbs.

24. Double Negatives.—This use is very common in "Henry V," with adverbs, conjunctions, and adjectives.

Examples: "*Nor never* Hydra-headed wilfulness" (i, 1, 35); "*Nor* leave *not* one behind" (ii, 2, 23); "*Nor no* known quarrel" (ii, 4, 17); "*Nor* it is *not* meet he should" (iv, 1, 97). Several other instances of this are to be found in the play.

25. Adverb and Conjunction Used Together.—"*While that* the armed hand doth fight abroad" (i, 2, 178); "*Where that* his lords desire him" (5 *Prol.*, 17); "*Why that* the naked, poor and mangled Peace" (v, 2, 34). Cf. on the double conjunction, 28.

Prepositions

26. The reader of Shakspere will at once become used to peculiar uses of prepositions, the meanings of which were probably less limited three centuries ago.

Examples: "Doth offer him Katharine his daughter, and with her, *to* dowry" (3 *Prol.*, 29–30); "Take pity *of* your town" (iii, 3, 25); "Whom *of* succours we entreated" (iii, 3, 42); "*On* to-morrow" (iii, 6, 167); "*On* heaps"—in crowds (iv, 5, 13).

Conjunctions

27. Conjunctions Omitted.—This omission occurs most frequently in either or both of the chief members of a complex sentence denoting result.

Examples: "The Gordian knot . . . he will unloose . . . that, when he speaks" (i, 1, 46–7); "Came pouring, like the tide into a breach . . . *That* England . . . Hath shook" (i, 2, 149–54); "The hum of either army stilly sounds, *That* the fix'd sentinels almost receive" (4 *Prol.*, 5–6); "But fleshly looks, and overbears attaint . . . *That* every wretch, . . . Beholding him, plucks comfort" (4 *Prol.*, 39–42).

Examples of Other Omitted Conjunctions: "Defences . . . Should be maintain'd . . . *As* were a war in preparation" (ii, 4, 18–20); "The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind" (iv, 3, 84).

28. Double Conjunctions.—Conversely, compare the double conjunctive expression in "*An if* your father's highness" (ii, 4, 120); "*An if* he be not fought withal" (iii, 5, 2); "*If that* the soldier strike him" (iv, 7, 166).

Shaksperian Diction.

It will be remembered that three hundred years ago the English vocabulary had not become absolutely fixed; many nouns and adjectives assumed forms that have now become more or less obsolete, and many words that have since become recognised as simply adjectives or nouns were then used freely as verbs. The effect of unusualness that such unhampered diction gives is further increased by the use of expressions that have now almost entirely passed out of the language. Finally, many words are used by the Elizabethan writers in a sense quite different from their modern meaning. All these matters the student must learn, not in a dry, pedantic way, but merely as a means of furthering his knowledge and appreciation of Shakspere. Most of the words will carry their meaning in the root-syllable; the rest are so few as to be easily remembered. The following lists make no pretence to being absolutely complete. They give only the most important examples, and it is hoped the student will add to them from his reading of the play.

29. Obsolete or Archaic Forms:

accompt (1 *Prol.*, 17).
afeard (iv, 1, 134).

basis=base (iv, 2, 30).
carrions (iv, 2, 39).
crescive (i, 1, 66).
currance (i, 1, 34).
cursorary (v, 2, 77).
defunction (i, 2, 58).
empery (i, 2, 226).
enrounded=surrounded (4 *Prol.*, 36).
enow (iv, 1, 211; iv, 2, 28, etc.).
fet=fetched (iii, 1, 18).
hilts (2 *Prol.*, 9).
intendment (i, 2, 144).
jutty=jut out (iii, 1, 13).
legerity (iv, 1, 23).
paction (v, 2, 334).
parle (iii, 3, 2).
practic (i, 1, 51).
raught=reached (iv, 6, 21).
retire=retirement (iv, 3, 86).
rivage (3 *Prol.*, 14).
slovenry (iv, 3, 114).
sonance (iv, 2, 35).
theoric (i, 1, 52).
vainness (5 *Prol.*, 20).
vaward=vanguard (iv, 3, 130).
whiles (i, 2, 108).
yond (iv, 2, 39).

30. Compound Adjectives:
lank-lean (4 *Prol.*, 26).
down-roping (iv, 2, 48).
pale-dead (*idem*).

31. Nouns Used as Adjectives:
"When *Cressy* battle fatally was struck" (ii, 4, 54);
"A *sugar* touch" (v, 2, 265).

32. Adjectives Used as Nouns:
"Pardon, *gentles*" (1 *Prol.*, 8); "The *severals*" (i, 1, 86); "Speak, my *fair*, and fairly (v, 2, 164–5).

33. Verbs Used as Nouns:
"A sweet *retire*" (iv, 3, 86).

34. Verbs Formed from Nouns:
"*Neighbour'd* by fruit of baser quality" (i, 1, 62); "To tear and *havoc* more than she could eat" (i, 2, 173); "That have so *cowarded* and chas'd your blood" (ii, 2, 75); "She [England] is so idly *king'd*" (ii, 4, 26); "For he is *footed* [*i.e.*, landed] in this land, already" (ii, 4, 155); "Whose hours the peasant best *advantages*" (iv, 1, 270).

35. Verbs Formed from Adjectives:
"This day shall *gentle* his condition" (iv, 3, 63).

36. Obsolete Words and Obsolete Meanings:
an = if (ii, 1, 93; iv, 7, 114, and elsewhere).
bawcock (iii, 2, 22).
cullions (iii, 2, 18).
curtle-axe (iv, 2, 21).
dout = do out (iv, 2, 11).
gimmal—bit (iv, 2, 49).
heap = crowd (iv, 5, 13).
hilding (iv, 2, 29).
learn = teach (iii, 6, 68).
mervailous (ii, 1, 41).
practices = plot (ii, 2, 90 and 144).
scambling (i, 1, 4).
shales (iv, 2, 18).
sooth = truth (iii, 6, 137).
withal = with (i, 1, 81, and frequently elsewhere).

Shakspere's Style.

The poetry of "Henry V" does not, as we have implied, show Shakspere at his best. Metrically, to be sure, it indicates a decided advance on the stiff, end-stopped verses of his first period, and employs many of his own devices for breaking the monotony of the early five-stressed verse (see the remarks on *Metre*, p. xliv); but in general it fails to move the reader either by beauty of form or depth of thought and emotion. Yet it is, in many ways, so distinctly Shaksperian in manner that the reader might do worse than begin his study of Shakspere's poetical style by an analysis of the verse of this play. Certainly, his enjoyment and his understanding of that style will be largely increased by a brief consideration of some of the things enumerated below.

One of the characteristics of Shakspere's earlier style, as indeed of the style of Marlowe and other Elizabethan poets, is a kind of fiery vigour that gives dignity and splendour to the verse, even when the thought does not soar very high. The excess of this kind of thing is burlesqued, cleverly, by Shakspere in the bombastic scraps from old plays with which Pistol plenteously interlards his talk, but, in moderation, it becomes a manner that we instinctively recognise as Elizabethan,—large, serene, and sometimes very beautiful. It gives tone and quality to some of the feeblest of the Elizabethan plays, and in the minor works of Shakspere, for instance, it passes into a sustained style that carries an idea along by sheer weight of expression. "Henry V" is an excellent illustration of what I mean; its poetry has great force and holds us from beginning to end. But how many of the lines really add to our conception of human life, or awaken in us the thrill of sympathy for the sorrows and struggles of men?

Consider, briefly, the oft-quoted, or, at least, oft-recited lines (iii, 1, 1):

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-ſavour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean," etc.

The second of these lines has the rush and impetuous force that I have referred to; but the third and fourth really are didactic rather than poetical. The next few lines hardly rise above bombast, and the image of the eye "prying through the portage of the head" does not impress one as tasteful or illuminating. It suggests Marlowe at his worst. And yet, somehow, the whole speech has a distinct manner, and leads naturally to the splendid climax of the last three lines. The line

"Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean,"

seems to me one that Shakspere only could have written; the particular alliteration employed (on *w*), the *l*'s, the bigness of idea, the originality of phrasing, the irregular, swelling metre, all are his, and give tone to the entire passage. And Shakspere constantly rises to this kind of poetry, even when, for a line or two, his muse seems to droop feebly. "Henry V" has many such verses, that compel admiration for mere beauty of cadence.

The Choruses invariably display the quality of pict-

uresque and dignified diction I have referred to; and in the long speech (iv, 1,214 ff.) we see it fully, in such lines as:

> "Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
> Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
> Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
> Gets him to bed, cramm'd with distressful bread,
> Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
> But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
> Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
> Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
> Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
> *And follows so the ever-running year,*
> *With profitable labour, to his grave.*

Only the last two of these lines strike me as beautiful, emotionally or from the point of view of music; but the others rise easily and triumphantly above prose, by "the proud swelling sail" of that great diction and that big outlook on the phenomena of life. The poetry of "Henry V." does not go very far beyond this, in style or in thought.

If the reader would see at its best the quality I am trying to define, let him turn to the similar speech on sleep (2 "Henry IV," iii, 1, 1ff.), where it is exhibited in lines that no one, not even Shakspere himself, ever surpassed:

> "Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> *Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,*
> *In cradle of the rude imperious surge,*
> And in the visitation of the winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
> Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
> *With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,*
> That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?"

This kind of thing could go no further into the realm of beauty; the lines italicised have been the despair of other poets almost from the day they were written until now.

But Shakspere, at the full maturity of his powers, was

less sensational; he cared more for the facts of life than for splendour of phrasing. In the tragedies, his poetry, though it loses nothing in picturesqueness, becomes more beautiful by reason of its searching the profoundest seats of pity and awe in the heart of man. Here, and here only, perhaps, Shakspere earns his title of "world-poet." The words of the half-demented Lear, just restored to his loving daughter, and glad to go with her to prison, caring for nothing, so long as he is with her, will illustrate what I mean:

> "No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
> *We two will sing like birds i' the cage:*
> When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
> And ask of thee forgiveness; *so we'll live,*
> *And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh*
> *At gilded butterflies,* and hear poor rogues
> Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them, too
> Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out;
> *And take upon's the mystery of things,*
> As if we were God's spies; and we'll wear out
> In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of *great ones*
> *That ebb and flow by the moon.*"

Such poetry as that gets close to the foundation facts of humanity; sense and sound are so fused that we no longer consider the language and merely drink in the thought. It is the expression of a muse chastened by "years that bring the philosophic mind." And yet, as mere poetry, the lines I have italicised strike me as among the supreme manifestations of art in the world; they are so beautiful that I can trust to them to make their effect without one word of comment.

When Shakspere* rises beyond this intolerable pathos into the realm where he contemplates the world of nature,

*This passage is incorporated from my edition of "Julius Cæsar," in the same series.

his verse becomes touched with a radiant beauty, a piercing sweetness, that no other poet has ever equalled. Such lines are not to be found, unfortunately, in "Henry V," but as the verses just quoted from "King Lear" show the poet's noblest emotional expression, so the lines from "The Winter's Tale,"

> "Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares and take
> The winds of March with beauty,"

or the still more exquisite lines from the burial of Imogen in "Cymbeline,"

> "With fairest flowers,
> Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
> With charitable bill, ...
> . . . . bring thee all this;
> Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none
> To winter-ground thy corse,"

show his supreme handling of nature. The latter style is, to use Arnold's expression, the more magical; but both styles show Shakspere's music and Shakspere's imagination at their best. The student should compare these lines with lines from the work of any other poet, and thus feel their superiority; moreover—and this is the main point here—he should see how many similar passages he can find in "Henry V"; if not passages of equal beauty, yet how nearly approaching them. He should read many of the verses aloud and catch the swing of them; they should be more to him than the cerements of thought. Only when one *feels* the Shaksperian manner is one in a fair way to appreciate what Shakspere is in literature.

VI. The Metre

It will be observed, of course, that "Henry V," when the scenes are of a lower or more commonplace character, is written in prose, but that, when the subject-matter rises in dignity and emotional power, the medium employed is blank (unrhymed) verse. The rhythm or melody of this verse is brought about by the more or less regular recurrence of accented syllables, the stress of which produces a kind of musical cadence. It is sufficient to state that, in the regular Shaksperian blank verse,

(*a*) Each line consists of five feet,

(*b*) Each foot containing two syllables,

(*c*) The first unaccented, the second accented.

That did' | affright' | the air' | at A' | gincourt' (2 *Prol.*, 14).
Who with' | a bo' | dy fill'd' | and va' | cant mind' (iv, 1, 255).

Nothing could in general be more monotonous or unpleasant than the regular succession of such lines, without a single departure from the norm; and, as a matter of fact, the great poets are always distinguished by the variety they can obtain in the metre they use in any given piece of work. Inferior verse is likely to be very regular. Therefore, though the beginner may expect to find the larger part of the verses of "Henry V" of the pattern explained above, he must be prepared to recognise several devices by which Shakspere increases the variety and in consequence the power of his poetry. This variety was brought about

(*i*) By changing the accent, sometimes once, and sometimes twice in a line:

Breast'ing | the lof' | ty surge.' | O, do' | but think' (3 *Prol.*, 13).
Gets' him | to rest' | cramm'd' with | distress' | ful bread' (iv, 1, [256).

(*ii*) By adding extra syllables, either at the end of a line (the so-called feminine ending) or elsewhere:

The per' | ilous nar' | row o' | cean parts' | asun' | der (1 *Prol.*, 22),
The glove' | which I' | have giv' | en him for' | a fav' | our (iv, 7 [162]).

These extra syllables may be slurred in pronunciation, as in the case of the second syllable of *perilous*, and perhaps *given*, above. This slurring is very common in verse. A good example occurs in "Henry V":

The int' | erim by' | remem' | bering you' | 'tis past.' (5 *Prol.*, 43).

On the other hand, note that frequently the syllables *-ion*, *-ean*, etc., are made dissyllables at the end of lines:

The bright' | est hea' | ven of' | inven' | ti-on' (1 *Prol.*, 2).
Attest' | in lit' | tle place' | a mil' | li-on' (1 *Prol.*, 16).
Swill'd' with | the wild' | and waste' | ful o' | ce-an' (iii, 1, 14).

(*iii*) By making a foot consist of a single syllable, specially stressed in reading:

Wit'ness | our too' | much' | mem'ora | ble shame' (ii, 4, 53).

In general, then, it may be said that Shakspere conforms to the model of the ordinary blank verse; but he writes so freely that one is sometimes tempted to believe it a matter of indifference to him, so long as he has five accented syllables, where the accents fall. There are in his verse numerous shorter, incomplete lines, and it will be seen that occasionally lines rhyme; but rhyme is found with much less frequency in his mature work and hardly ever in his latest work. The chronological study of his poetry shows constant gain on his part in freedom and vigour, and a superb facility in making the verse take any variety of form he wished.

Let the reader note, too, whether in general in the play

the sentence ends with the end of the line; if the beginner cannot at first see the immense gain in sonority and ease that results from the method of closing the sentence in the middle of a line, he is recommended to read aloud long passages from some dramatist who habitually stops his thought at the end of the line. This treatment is warranted to cure even the tone-deaf.

In closing this discussion, I should like to advise the student to consider the effect in Shaksperian verse of the placing of the so-called cæsural pause—a breathing-place, as it were, in the body of the line. The lines quoted above will illustrate. Much of the melody of these comes from the variety in placing the pause, and the student may get both pleasure and profit from finding the number of kinds of musical phrases, as it were, this variety leads to. It is impossible to say how much of the dreadful effect of many poems is due to the monotony of cæsural habits or the complete absence of any such habit. The student should never read a line without providing for the cæsura; he should never write out the metrical scheme without indicating the place where the pause falls. A line is completely scanned only when it receives the double line of the cæsura, thus:

As ma′ | ny ar′ | rows, || loos′ | ed se′ | ver̆al ways′ (i, 2, 207).

In great poetry, the pause is likely to come in the middle of a foot rather than at the end, the divergence subserving variety.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

The object of the preceding introduction has been simply to interest the student in Shakspere and his work. Too often the literature read in schools is regarded by the classes as only a row of hooks to hang facts on against that dismal day when a college examination is to settle one's fate once and for all. The headlong way in which in some schools prescribed books are read, and the needlessly unintelligent manner in which they are studied and commented on in others, are further aids to disgusting pupils with many of the choicest products of the creative mind. Better the quickening of the spirit than the successful cramming for fifty examinations. The introduction has sought, then, to present Shakspere as humanly as possible. The analysis of the Shaksperian language and metre may tire many young readers, and seem a hindrance to the interest desired; let them but be patient, however, and even this hindrance will drop away. If the student does not quite understand why Shakspere uses certain expressions and certain rhythms, he will be balked of just so much enjoyment in the reading of the play; his attention will be distracted. Once mastered and understood, the seeming queerness acquires a charm of its own by falling into its place as one of the vital details of the life and art of Shakspere, that every educated man or woman should know something about.

Every teacher, in working over this play, should strive so to interest his class that the members of the class will be desirous of reading other Shaksperian plays. Study

that leads to any other result is practically fruitless. How is this interest to be awakened? First and foremost, the play in hand should be read for the story pure and simple; no reader chronically addicted to reading from childhood ever began in any other way. Let the class read the play through once, as rapidly as possible, to get the excitement of it, to see "how it comes out." Naturally the intelligent teacher will call attention to unusual things in the text, in so far as that will help the understanding of the story; even an occasional illustration from other works will help; but nothing must check the forward rush of the narration. Read thus, Shakspere will seem human and delightful to all but the dullest; read in petty fragments two or three times a week—especially if every linguistic or rhythmical *i* is dotted by a painstaking teacher—he will probably become an unmitigated bore. Perhaps before the reading begins in earnest it would be wise for the teacher to call the attention of the class to the most frequent of the Shaksperian locutions now obsolete or passing away, and practise the members in the Shaksperian verse. Let the class understand what verse is—not a queer sort of writing that breaks off into set lines, but a consistently exalted, emotional speech, in power and sweep far beyond the attainment of prose; let the student get the rhythm of the thing—and then trust the rest to Shakspere. That is the way to begin. This particular play, with the prose of the soldiers and the poetry of the royal personages, offers a test at the very beginning. A teacher may from time to time wish to inquire why people in the play are doing certain things or why they did not act otherwise. Such interruption is legitimate and stimulates interest, but it may easily be carried to excess.

Up to this point the method of procedure will probably be identical, whether the play is merely to be read or whether it is to be minutely studied. In the latter case,

of course, the second reading will necessarily be a more protracted and serious affair than in the former. It is sufficient for reading that the pupil thoroughly understand the story as a whole and in its parts; he should know pretty well the conditions under which Shakspere wrote, and he should be able to recognise Shaksperian expressions in other plays; in other words, the charm of Elizabethan writing should not be entirely lost on him in future. Let him analyse the plot in writing, or write themes on various subjects suggested by the plot; but never let him do this to the point of boredom. Let him never grow to dislike "Henry V."

In this work, but especially in the more analytical reading for study, the teacher must follow the bent of his own individuality. An intelligent and magnetic instructor could, conceivably, attain the end—the interesting of the pupil in Shakspere and in things of the spirit generally—as much by talking of Shakspere's conception and treatment of by-gone times or of the England of Elizabeth as by talking of things more intimately connected with the structure and language of the play. To give advice to such a guide is little short of impertinent; he accomplishes his end by a kind of divine right. But for the great body of his faithful, if less inspired, fellows, it may be suggested that no study of "Henry V" is adequate which does not include a knowledge of most of the things treated in the introduction to this edition of the play. The student need not become a pedant; but he must know how to explain the comparatively difficult points of Shaksperian diction, syntax, and verse; he must know the structure of the play and he must know in most cases just what Shakspere was aiming at.

Discussion will, of course, be aided by a teacher that knows his Shakspere thoroughly. Cross references in the play and references to other plays always interest and

fascinate a class; the chief danger in them is that they make a fatally easy way of appealing to the gallery. Some notion of what the commentators have said of a play is also indispensable to a teacher that would make his best effect. Moreover, the student should be encouraged to do outside reading for himself; he may well be interested in learning of the life and times of Shakspere and in comparing the work of some of the other Elizabethans—Marlowe or Ben Jonson—with Shakspere's own. Of course such extra study can be pursued by but few at best—schools, in large cities especially, are such distractingly busy places; but this is the ideal. The teacher should know enough of Shakspere to feel reasonably sure of his ground; for his own comfort he should go, say, even to the depths of the sonnet discussion. He must get a perspective; otherwise, he lives from hand to mouth, always conscious of his own shortcomings, and leaving the quick-witted student with a vague feeling of something undone. To give out the whole Shaksperian question in driblets to a class would be absurd; but the teacher who knows it all reasonably well can provide just enough to make the work attractive and inspiring beyond compare. And he will be conscious of sowing seed for the future.

Perhaps the best handbook for the beginner in Shaksperian criticism is Dr. Edward Dowden's "Shakspere," in the series of Literature Primers. In this work will be found all that the average student may wish to learn of Shakspere's life, and the production of his plays; it also contains introductions to each of the plays and poems. The most interesting of recent essays on the poet is George Brandes' "William Shakspere: a Critical Study," a book which tries to build up a personality for Shakspere as well as give the best opinion, old and new, of his work. Even if one does not follow the author to the extremes of his theory, one cannot help receiving many fresh and

vigorous ideas from this monumental production. It is fascinating as literature and most suggestive as a basis for further research.

Other works that should be known by those who wish to go more deeply into the subject are "Outlines of the Life of Shakspere," by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, which contains in its appendix much curious and interesting information; "The Life and Work of Shakspere," by F. G. Fleay; "Shakspere: His Mind and Art," by E. Dowden; "William Shakspere," by Karl Elze; by Barrett Wendell; by B. Ten Brink, and, finally, the new "Life of William Shakspere" by Sidney Lee, which is valuable for a most interesting discussion of the "Sonnet" question and for a superb bibliography. This bibliography could well be made the basis of Shaksperian study. For questions of more minute detail the scholar is referred to the papers by Spedding, Fleay, and Furnivall in the "Transactions of the New Shakspere Society." Interesting, too, though not invaluable, are Dowden's "Shakspere's Sonnets" and Gerald Massey's "The Secret Drama of Shakspere's Sonnets"—as supplements to the Brandes and Sidney Lee works.

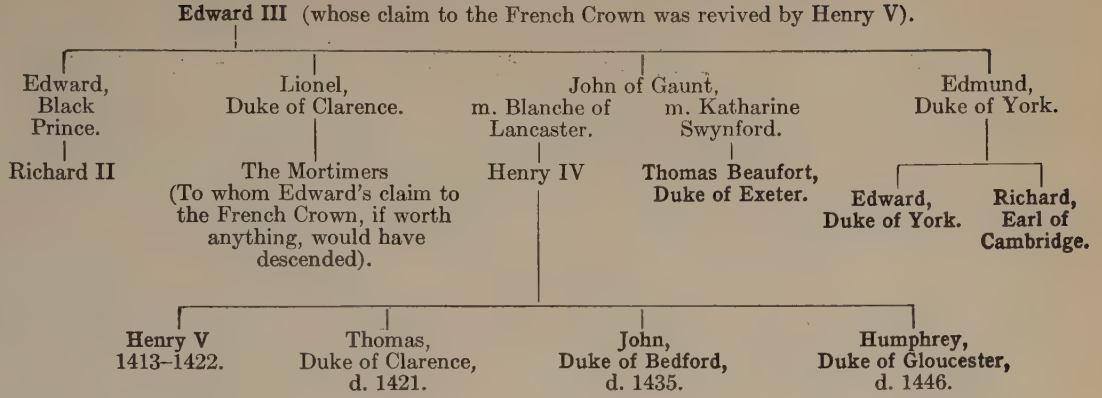
The student, finally, for reference, should know how to use E. A. Abbott's "A Shaksperian Grammar," Schmidt's "A Shaksperian Lexicon," and Bartlett's "A Concordance to Shakspere." Anything beyond this will lead to the realm of linguistics, the text-books for which it is obviously not the duty of this volume to suggest.

So much for Shakspere in general; for special study of "Henry V" the beginner is referred to the essays by Hudson (Shakspere's Life, Art, and Characters); by Gervinus (Shakspere Commentaries); by Brandes; and by Dowden (Shakspere: His Mind and Art).

For a discussion of sources of "Henry V," the reader may turn to Mr. W. G. Boswell-Stone's "Shakspere's

Holinshed," and to Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's edition of the old play "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" (Shakespeare's Library, vol. v). See also "Shakspeareana Geologica," by George Russell French, and "Commentaries on Shakspeare," by T. P. Courtenay.

GENEALOGICAL DESCENT OF HENRY V


Edward III (whose claim to the French Crown was revived by Henry V).
Edward, Black Prince.
Richard II
Lionel, Duke of Clarence.
The Mortimers (To whom Edward's claim to the French Crown, if worth anything, would have descended).
John of Gaunt, m. Blanche of Lancaster.
Henry IV
John of Gaunt, m. Katharine Swynford.
Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter.
Edmund, Duke of York.
Edward, Duke of York.
Richard, Earl of Cambridge.
Henry V 1413–1422.
Thomas, Duke of Clarence, d. 1421.
John, Duke of Bedford, d. 1435.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, d. 1446.

Names printed in **black-faced type** are Characters in this play.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Shakspere's Life and Works.	Contemporary History and Literature (English and Foreign).
	1552. Spenser born.
	1553. Hooker and Lyly born. Edward VI died; Mary succeeded.
	1554. Sidney born.
	1558. Peele born? Mary died; Elizabeth succeeded.
	1559. Chapman born?
	1560. Greene born.
	1561. Bacon born. Gorboduc, the first English tragedy, acted.
	1562. Lope de Vega born.
	1563. Fox's Book of Martyrs.
1564. April 26. Baptised at Stratford-on-Avon.	1564. Marlowe born. Galileo born. Calvin died.
	1566. Udall's Ralph Royster Doyster, the first English comedy, printed.
	1567. Abdication of Mary, Queen of Scots.
	1569. Mercator's first chart.
	1570. Ascham's The Schoolmaster. Middleton born. Dekker born?
	1572. Knox died. Camoens's Lusiads.
	1573. Ben Jonson born.
	1577. Holinshed's Chronicle. Drake began circumnavigation of the globe.
	1578. Harvey born.
	1579. Lyly's Euphues. North's translation of Plutarch. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. Fletcher born.
	1580. Montaigne's Essays, i and ii. Camoens died. Lyly's Euphues and his England.
	1581. Heywood born? Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata.
1582. November 28. Bond given for marriage with Anne Hathaway.	
1583. Daughter (Susanna) born.	
	1584. Massinger born. William the Silent assassinated. Peele's Arraignment of Paris.
1585. Twins (Hamnet and Judith) born.	
	1586. Beaumont and Ford born. Greene's Orlando Furioso acted. Sidney killed.
	1587. Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded. Marlowe's Dr. Faustus acted?
	1588. The Invincible Armada defeated. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy acted?
	1590. Battle of Ivry. Lodge's Rosalind. Marlowe's Tamburlaine (both parts) printed. Sidney's Arcadia. Spenser's Faerie Queene (i–iii).
1592. By the middle of this year, a recognised playwright in London.	1592. Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit. Greene died. Presbyterianism established in Scotland.
1593. Venus and Adonis published.	1593. Marlowe killed.
1594. By this year, a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company. Lucrece published.	1594. Marlowe's Edward II.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—*Continued*

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY AND LITERATURE (ENGLISH AND FOREIGN).
1596. Coat of arms applied for by his father. His only son (Hamnet) died.	1596. Descartes born. Jonson's Every Man in his Humour acted. Spenser's Faerie Queene (iv–vi).
1597. Bought New Place at Stratford. Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, and Richard III published.	1597. Bacon's Essays (ten first printed).
1598. Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, some sonnets, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, Love's Labour's Won (All's Well that Ends Well?), Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, Richard II, Richard III, Henry IV, King John, Titus Andronicus, and Romeo and Juliet mentioned by Francis Meres. Merchant of Venice entered in Stationers' Register. Love's Labour's Lost and Henry IV (first part) published.	1598. Edict of Nantes. Peele died. Chapman's Iliad (first part); Hakluyt's Voyages and Travels (vol. i).
1599. Became a shareholder in the Globe Theatre. Two sonnets and some poems from Love's Labour's Lost published with the work of others in The Passionate Pilgrim.	1599. Cromwell born. Spenser died. The Globe Theatre built. Jonson's Every Man Out of his Humour acted.
1600. Titus Andronicus, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, Henry IV (second part), Henry V, Much Ado about Nothing, published. As You Like It entered in Stationers' Register.	1600. Calderon born.
1601. His father died.	1601. Jonson's The Poetaster.
1602. A performance of Twelfth Night referred to under date of Feb. 2, by John Manningham of the Middle Temple. The Merry Wives of Windsor printed.	1602. The Bodleian Library founded. Dekker's Satiromastix.
1603. First quarto of Hamlet.	1603. Elizabeth died; James I succeeded. Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays. Heywood's A Woman Killed with Kindness. Jonson's Sejanus.
1604. Second quarto of Hamlet (revised and enlarged from the first quarto).	
1605. Othello acted?	1605. Sir Thomas Browne born. Cervantes' Don Quixote (vol. i). The Gunpowder Plot. Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Jonson's Volpone acted.
	1606. Lyly died. Corneille born.
1607. His daughter Susanna married.	1607. Virginia settled. Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois. Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.
1608. His mother died. King Lear published.	1608. Milton born. Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster acted. Middleton's A Trick to Catch the Old One.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—*Concluded*

Shakspere's Life and Works.	Contemporary History and Literature (English and Foreign).
1609. Troilus and Cressida, Pericles, and the Sonnets published.	1609. Dekker's Gull's Horn-book. Jonson's The Silent Woman. Douay translation of the Bible.
1610. A performance of Macbeth noted under date of April 20, in the MS. diary of Dr. Simon Forman.	1610. Jonson's The Alchemist.
	1611. Chapman's Iliad (complete). The Authorised Version of the Bible.
	1612. Bacon's Essays (Second Edition). Webster's The White Devil.
	1613. Jeremy Taylor born.
	1614. Chapman's Odyssey (i—xii). Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. Napier's Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio. Raleigh's History of the World.
	1615. Don Quixote (part ii). Chapman's Odyssey (xiii—xxiv).
1616. Feb. 10. His daughter Judith married. April 23, he died. Is buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.	1616. Beaumont and Cervantes died. Harvey lectured on the circulation of the blood. Webster's The Duchess of Malfi. Jonson's Works (vol. i, folio edition).
1622. Othello published.	
1623. The first edition of Shakspere's plays (the first folio) published. Pericles is omitted. In the volume are printed, for the first time so far as we know, The Tempest, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, Comedy of Errors, As You Like It, The Taming of the Shrew, All's Well that Ends Well, Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale; King John; 1, 2, 3 Henry VI, Henry VIII, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline.	

KING HENRY V

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, }
GOWER, }
FLUELLEN, } officers in King Henry's army.
MACMORRIS, }
JAMY, }
BATES, }
COURT, } soldiers in the same.
WILLIAMS, }
PISTOL,
NYM,
BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES, } French Lords.
GRANDPRÉ, }
Governor of Harfleur.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.
Chorus.

SCENE: *England; afterwards France.*

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

CHOR. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.

For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*London. An antechamber in the* KING'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

CANT. My lord, I'll tell you: that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
CANT. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
ELY. This would drink deep.
CANT. 'T would drink the cup and all.
ELY. But what prevention?
CANT. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,

Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
CANT. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
ELY. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
CANT. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
CANT. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
ELY. What was the impediment that broke this off?

CANT. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
ELY. It is.
CANT. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
ELY. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The presence chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. HEN. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
EXE. Not here in presence.
K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle.
WEST. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?
K. HEN. Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

CANT. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!
K. HEN. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond:
"*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,*"
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land;"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female

Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law,
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody flag!
Look back into your mighty ancestors!
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness. Never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,

Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

WEST. But there's a saying very old and true,

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

EXE. It follows then the cat must stay at home;
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANT. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion,

To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]
Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors *of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fett'red in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there 's nought in France

That can be with a nimble galliard won.
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 't is ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

PROLOGUE.

Flourish. *Enter* Chorus.

CHOR. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—

Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*London. A street.*

Enter Corporal NYM *and* Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

BARD. Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARD. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM. For my part, I care not. I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

BARD. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

NYM. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol *and* Hostess.

Bard. Here come Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here.

Nym. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. "Solus," egregious dog! O viper vile!
The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;
The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have

an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

PIST. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

BARD. Hear me, hear me what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.
[*Draws.*

PIST. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give.
Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

PIST. "*Couple a gorge!*"
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No! to the spital go,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.

BARD. Away, you rogue!

HOST. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that 's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. 89

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won from you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood. 100
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? For I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. 111

NYM. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that 's the even of it.

PIST. Nym, thou hast spoke the right.
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

NYM. The king is a good King; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

PIST. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

SCENE II.—*Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

BED. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

EXE. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WEST. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

BED. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, *and* GREY.

K. HEN. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty. There 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes.
Who are the late commissioners?

CAM. I one, my lord.
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

GREY. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. HEN. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, here is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That have so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

CAM. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY. } To which we all appeal.
SCROOP. }

K. HEN. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own council is suppress'd and kill'd.
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd
And sworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,—
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'T is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety.
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

EXE. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended.

But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.
GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. HEN. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death,
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!
No king of England, if not king of France! [*Flourish.*

SCENE III.—*London. Before a tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH, Boy, *and* Hostess.

HOST. Prithee honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PIST. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

BARD. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

HOST. Nay, sure, he 's not in hell. He 's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. 'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone; and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NYM. They said he cried out of sack.

HOST. Ay, that 'a did.

BARD. And of women.

HOST. Nay, that 'a did not.
BOY. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.
HOST. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never lik'd.
BOY. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?
BARD. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.
NYM. Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.
PIST. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables.
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay."
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *Caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!
BOY. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.
PIST. Touch her soft mouth, and march.
BARD. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*
NYM. I cannot kiss; that is the humour of it; but, adieu.
PIST. Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.
HOST. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*France. The* KING'S *palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKES OF BERRI *and* BRETAGNE, *the* CONSTABLE, *and others.*

FR. KING. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fears may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

DAU. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CON. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,

And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my Lord High Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

FR. KING. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.
DAU. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter EXETER.

FR. KING. From our brother of England?
EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty:
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
FR. KING. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance. Slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,

I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXE. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;
And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France. 140

FR. KING. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
[*Flourish.*

EXE. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

FR. KING. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

PROLOGUE.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

CHOR. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance.
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,

With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back,
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

Scene I.—*France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as does a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!

Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot!
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

Scene II.—*The same.*

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot; that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

PIST. And I.

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

BOY. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough

Enter FLUELLEN.

FLU. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

PIST. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage, 20
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours! Your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

BOY. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, for if I should take

from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.
Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.
Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.
Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?
Gow. I think it be.
Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris *and* Captain Jamy.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy with him.
Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

FLU. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

GOW. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? Have the pioners given o'er?

MAC. By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. O, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done! 84

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point. 92

JAMY. It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

MAC. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. 'T is shame for us all. So God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 103

JAMY. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I 'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and I 'll pay 't as valourously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation— 111

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities. 120

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Ah! that 's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*The same. Before the gates.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the English forces below. Enter* King Henry *and his train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lies buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his smirch'd complexion all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.

Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

Scene IV.—*The* French King's *palace.*

Enter Katharine *and* Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

KATH. Et le coude?

ALICE. De elbow.

KATH. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

ALICE. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

KATH. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: De hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

ALICE. De elbow, madame.

KATH. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! De elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

ALICE. De nick, madame.

KATH. De nick. Et le menton?

ALICE. De chin.

KATH. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

ALICE. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

KATH. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

ALICE. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

KATH. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

ALICE. De nails, madame.

KATH. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

KATH. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

ALICE. De foot, madame; et de coun.

KATH. De foot et de coun! Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

ALICE. Excellent, madame!

KATH. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—*The same.*

Enter the King of France, *the* Dauphin, *the* Duke of Bourbon, *the* Constable of France, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. An if he be not fought withal, my lord.
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;

Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field!
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march;
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.

Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—*The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter Gower *and* Fluellen, *meeting.*

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not—God be praised and blessed! —any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart.

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone — 28

FLU. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

PIST. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be,—
A damned death! 40
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PIST. Why then, rejoice therefore. 50

FLU. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

PIST. Die and be damn'd! and *figo* for thy friendship!

FLU. It is well.

PIST. The fig of Spain. [*Exit.*

FLU. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoken to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. *Enter* King Henry, Gloucester, *and* Soldiers.

God bless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge. The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is mas-

ter of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of the athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the

disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettishness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself.
If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'red,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.
So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit.*

GLOU. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others.*

CON. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

ORL. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning?

DAU. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

ORL. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAU. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORL. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'T is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAM. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?
CON. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.
DAU. 'T is midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*
ORL. The Dauphin longs for morning.
RAM. He longs to eat the English.
CON. I think he will eat all he kills.
ORL. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.
CON. Swear by her foot that she may tread out the oath.
ORL. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.
CON. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.
ORL. He never did harm, that I heard of.
CON. Nor will do none to-morrow. He will keep that good name still.
ORL. I know him to be valiant.
CON. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.
ORL. What 's he?
CON. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.
ORL. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.
CON. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey. 'T is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.
ORL. "Ill will never said well."
CON. I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."
ORL. And I will take up that with "Give the Devil his due."
CON. Well plac'd. There stands your friend for the Devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the Devil."
ORL. You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

Con. You have shot over.
Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.
Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as we do.
Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!
Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.
Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.
Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.
Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.
Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.
Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is the time to arm. Come, shall we about it?
Orl. It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

CHOR. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

Scene I.—*The English camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford, *and* Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERP. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, Now lie I like a king.

K. HEN. 'T is good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd;
And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLOU. We shall, my liege.

ERP. Shall I attend your grace?

K. HEN. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

ERP. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*

K. HEN. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

PIST. *Qui va là?*
K. HEN. A friend.
PIST. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.
PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40
K. HEN. Even so. What are you?
PIST. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.
K. HEN. Then you are a better than the King.
PIST. The King 's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. HEN. Harry le Roy.
PIST. Le Roy! a Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?
K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman. 51
PIST. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. HEN. Yes.
PIST. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
K. HEN. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
PIST. Art thou his friend?
K. HEN. And his kinsman too.
PIST. The *figo* for thee, then! 60
K. HEN. I thank you. God be with you!
PIST. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*
K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

GOW. Captain Fluellen!
FLU. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the

true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

GOW. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

FLU. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?

GOW. I will speak lower.

FLU. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. HEN. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

COURT. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. HEN. A friend.

WILL. Under what captain serve you?

K. HEN. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILL. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. HEN. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. HEN. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though

I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to him as it does to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, come crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left

poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 139

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. There-

fore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained; and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! Come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here 's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

WILL. This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. HEN. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILL. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. HEN. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

WILL. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*

K. HEN. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper.

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

ERP. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. HEN. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent.
I 'll be before thee.
ERP. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. HEN. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts.
Possess them not with fear. Take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLOU. My liege!
K. HEN. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—*The French camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!
Dau. *Montez à cheval!* My horse! varlet! lackey! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. *Via! les eaux et la terre.*
Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu.*
Dau. *Ciel,* cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my Lord Constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,
But that our honours must not. What 's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall crouch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

GRAND. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field.
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still, and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CON. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAU. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

CON. I stay but for my guard; on to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English camp.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with all his host:* SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

GLOU. Where is the King?

BED. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

EXE. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

EXE. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day!
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

BED. He is as full of valour as of kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

WEST. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart. His passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow;
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day.
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry;
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well;
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—*The field of battle.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!*
Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys,
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?*
Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?
Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moi!*
Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French
What is his name.
Boy. *Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?*
Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*
Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.
Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.
Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*
Boy. *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*
Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.
Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour le Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.*
Pist. What are his words?
Boy. He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.
Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, *and* Rambures.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

DAU. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. *O méchante fortune!*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*
CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.
DAU. O perdurable shame! let 's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
BOUR. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let 's die in honour! Once more back again!
CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
ORL. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
BOUR. The Devil take order now! I 'll to the throng.
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and his train, with prisoners.*

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.
EXE. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting.
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
EXE. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.
He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up.
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'T is expressly against the law of arms. 'T is as arrant a piece of knavery,

mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is call'd Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that. He never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet. He was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I 'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry *and forces;* Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, *and others. Flourish.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? Know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONT. No, great king;
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

K. HEN. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

MONT. The day is yours.

K. HEN. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

MONT. They call it Agincourt.

K. HEN. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honour-

able badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman. 99

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who knows it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man. 108

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him;

Enter Williams.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly. 122

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the Devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all. But I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Glouces-
ter,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear.
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.—*Before* King Henry's *pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King. There is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.
Will. Sir, know you this glove?
Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.
Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*
Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!
Gow. How now, sir! you villain!
Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?
Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.
Will. I am no traitor.

FLU. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

WAR. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

FLU. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. 21

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. HEN. How now! what 's the matter?

FLU. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap. I promis'd to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 30

FLU. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. An it please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world. 41

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILL. All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself. You appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him his crowns;
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'T is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numb'red?

Her. Here is the number of the slaught'red French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six; added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald shows him another paper.
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

EXE. 'T is wonderful!

K. HEN. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaim'd through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites.
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

CHOR. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city. He forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-grievous pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!

The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[*Exit.*

Scene I.—*France. The English camp.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Gow. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to

me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

GOW. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLU. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurfy, lousy knave, God pless you!

PIST. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU. I peseech you heartily, scurfy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PIST. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLU. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

PIST. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOW. Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

FLU. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[*Exit.*

PIST. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd.
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal;
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*France. A royal palace.*

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the* FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, *the* PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE, *and other* Ladies; *the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY, *and other French.*

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!
FR. KING. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met!
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. ISA. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HEN. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

BUR. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. HEN. Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

FR. KING. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles. Pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. HEN. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the King;

And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell wat is "like me."

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Oui*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you"; then if you urge me farther than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined con-

stancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee. 165

KATH. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. HEN. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 172

KATH. I cannot tell wat is dat.

K. HEN. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 182

KATH. *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. HEN. No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of

my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English: canst thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell. 189

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?*

KATH. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 199

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good

fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, —I cannot tell wat is *baiser* en Anglish.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of Eng-

land than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French Power *and the* English Lords.

BUR. God save your majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?
K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.
BUR. Is she not apt?
K. HEN. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. Good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.
BUR. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes.
K. HEN. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.
BUR. As love is, my lord, before it loves.
K. HEN. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.
FR. KING. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath [never] entered.
K. HEN. Shall Kate be my wife?
FR. KING. So please you.
K. HEN. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.
FR. KING. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?
West. The King hath granted every article;
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.
Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*
Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.
K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.
Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourbood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.
Lords. Amen!
K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*
Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;

That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

ALL. Amen!

K. HEN. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu'd the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

NOTES

PROLOGUE

Prologue: A short piece, recited by an actor, as an introduction to the play or act.

Chorus: Shakspere's use of the Chorus is quite unlike that of the Greek dramatists. The Greek drama arose from the songs sung at certain seasons, in honour of the god Dionysus, by bands of youths; to these was afterwards added a chief spokesman, who might, eventually, narrate some simple dramatic story, interrupted by the words of the Chorus. Two speakers were used, later, and then three, in the works of the great Attic tragedians. The Athenian audience looked on the Chorus as a very essential part of the play; its constant presence on the scene necessitated, practically, unity of time, place, and action, in the development of the story. It consoled, advised, and restrained the chief characters in the crises of their lives; it commented on the action, and sang of death and fate; furthermore, the lyric chants and the stately dances or evolutions in which it participated added beauty to an institution that the Greeks regarded with veneration. Shakspere, on the contrary, uses the Chorus in this play, as he frankly admits, to eke out the inadequacy of the stage equipment of his time. The romantic drama of his day adhered to no laws of unity, and moved the scene about at will, both in time and place. To explain the hurried changes of situation, the dramatist made use, frequently, of the Chorus, who (in the person of a single speaker) explained before each act what had happened since the events portrayed in the last act, or prepared the minds of the auditors for what was to come. The device at best is awkward and primitive, in the extreme; and the Elizabethan drama, descended, as it was, from the crude religious plays of the ages preceding, had to overcome many deficiencies of like nature before it was ready to flower into the remarkable art form it eventually became. It may be said that in recent stage productions of *Henry V*, the Chorus, represented by an actress of good elocutionary power, and

surrounded by all the accessories of modern stage-craft, has come near to making the greatest "hit" with the audience. Furthermore, Shakspere has conceived the speeches in poetry of a forcible, not over-subtle quality, that would be sure of immediate effect; they have something of the martial clang he wished to bring on the scene of action.

The Student is referred to Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* (Arber's *English Reprints*, pp. 63 ff.) for a contemporary discussion (adverse) of the methods of the early Elizabethan drama.

1. *Muse:* one of the nine goddesses, who, according to Greek fable, presided over the arts of poetry, music, dancing, etc. The Chorus wishes for a poetical power that would supplement the slender resources of the theatre and force the audience to believe itself in the midst of the great scenes of war and royal pomp imagined by the poet himself.

6. *Port of Mars:* bearing of Mars (the Roman god of war).

7. *Leash'd in like hounds:* cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1, 274: "let slip the dogs of war." Holinshed makes Henry (iii, 567, 1, 39) declare "that the goddesse of battell, called *Bellona*, had three handmaidens, euer of necessitie attending vpon hir, as blood, fire, and famine."

8. *Gentles:* gentle people; referring, courteously, to the audience.

9. *Hath:* an example of the grammatical looseness in Shakspere's time. Some editors have changed it to *have*.

10. *Scaffold:* stage. Probably referring to the primitive character of the theatre.

11. *Cockpit:* small area. Cock-fighting was carried on in small, circular spaces. The expression refers, of course, to the general appearance of the theatre of Shakspere's day, and its absurd contrast to the mighty theatre of war imagined by the poet.

13. *This wooden O:* refers to the approximately circular interior of the theatre where the play was produced, either the "Globe," in Southwark, or the "Curtain," in Shoreditch. Cf. for description of such a theatre, Introduction, p. xv. Also cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2, 81: "The little O, the earth!"

15. *Since a crooked figure:* As ciphers added to figures increase the value of those figures, so we humble actors (mere ciphers) may so rouse the audience that they may imagine the scene of Henry's glory.

17. *Accompt:* an old form of *account*.

21. *Abutting fronts:* the coasts of England and France, projecting toward each other.

24. *Into a thousand parts divide one man:* When you see one man, think you see a thousand.

25. *Puissance:* power. Here pronounced as three syllables, but in Prologue, iii, 21, as two.

29. *Jumping o'er times:* omitting or rapidly passing over the events of years.

31. *The which:* cf. Intro., Gr., 6.

ACT I

London: According to Holinshed, Hall, and other historians, the business of this scene took place at Leicester. To quote from Holinshed, iii, 545, 2, 6: "In the second yeare of his reigne, king Henrie called his high court of parlement, the last daie of Aprill, in the towne of Leicester; in which parlement manie profitable lawes were concluded, and manie petitions mooued were for that time deferred. Amongst which, one was, that a bill exhibited in the parlement holden at Westminster, in the eleventh yeare of King Henrie the fourth (which by reason the king was then troubled with ciuill discord, came to none effect), might now with good deliberation be pondered, and brought to some conclusion. The effect of which supplication was, that the temporall lands (devoutlie given, and disordinatlie spent by religious, and other spirituall persons) should be seized into the kings hands; sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the king, and defense of the realme, fifteene earles, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquiers, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onelie of the poore, impotent and needie persons; and the king to have cheerlie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds: with manie other prouisions and values of religious houses, which I passe ouer."

Archbishop of Canterbury: Henry Chicheley (1362 *circa*—1443) became primate in 1414. He founded All Souls' College, Oxford, in 1437.

Bishop of Ely: John Fordham, translated from the See of Durham, to Ely, in 1388. He died in 1425.

1. *Self:* same. Used often in this adjectival sense by Shakspere.

1. *Bill:* see quotation from Holinshed, above.

3. *Was like and had:* was likely to be passed and would have been passed.

4. *Scambling:* struggling, unsettled.

5. *Question:* debate.

9. *Temporal lands:* possessions bequeathed to the church, and bringing rents, etc.

10. *Testament:* will.

14. *Esquires:* literally, those who attended on knights, bearing their shields and lances.

15. *Lazars:* lepers and others similarly diseased. A short form of *Lazarus*, the beggar in the parable, who was commonly supposed to have been a leper.

20. *This would drink deep:* i.e., of the resources and income of the church.

29. *The offending Adam:* his vices, the mortal inheritance from the first sinner. Henry's wildness was whipped out of him, as Adam had been banished from Paradise.

34. *Heady currance:* headlong, rushing current.

34. *Scouring faults:* Johnson thinks this refers to the cleansing of the Augean stables, by Hercules, who turned a river through them.

35. *Nor never:* for this double neg, cf. Intro., Gr., 24.

35. *Hydra-headed:* many-headed, breaking out in unexpected places. The Hydra was a fabled serpent with nine heads, one of which was immortal. Hercules tried to destroy it, but, for every head cut off, two grew in its place. He at length burnt off the eight mortal heads, and buried the ninth under a huge rock.

36. *His:* its. Cf. Intro., Gr., 1.

38. *Hear him but reason in divinity*, etc. This statement of Henry's abilities is poetically exaggerated, but was probably consonant with public sentiment in the time of Elizabeth. See Intro., p. xxiv.

46. *The Gordian knot:* Gordius was said to have been a peasant who became King of Phrygia. He dedicated his wagon to the gods, and tied the pole to the yoke with a strip of bark so cunningly that no one could untie it. When Alexander the Great heard of the prophecy that whoever succeeded in loosening the knot should rule over Asia, he performed the task by simply cutting through the knot with his sword.

47. *That:* so that, a common Shaksperian usage.

48. *Charter'd libertine:* free, with power granted, as by charter, to roam at will.

51–2. *Practic, theoric:* practical, theory or theoretical part. The meaning is that the King must have learned the theoretical part of life from his practice or daily course of living, a reversal of the method of education in the case of the average youth.

55. *His companies unlettered*, etc.: referring to Sir John Falstaff,

and his roystering companions, Bardolph, Poins, Pistol, etc., prominent in 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, some of whom re-appear in the comic episodes of *Henry V*.

56. *His hours filled up with riots*, etc.: The student is advised to read the comic scenes of 1 *Henry IV*, where Henry, then Prince of Wales, is shown as a wild, but exceedingly amiable and good-hearted youth, in passages of "exquisite fooling" with Sir John Falstaff and some of the others mentioned above.

59. *From open haunts and popularity:* This is the basis of the rebuke of Henry IV to his wild son in the fine speech in 1 *Henry IV*, iii, 2.

60. *The strawberry grows:* It was a common opinion in the time of Shakspere that plants growing together absorbed each other's taste, smell, etc. The strawberry was an exception to this rule.

66. *Crescive:* increasing. Shakspere is very fond of ending so-called inceptive adjectives in *-ive*.

66. *His:* For use, see note on l. 36.

74. *Exhibiters:* movers or promoters of a bill in Parliament.

76. *Spiritual convocation:* the assembly of bishops and representatives of the clergy. Like Parliament, it consists of two houses: an upper house, for the bishops; a lower house, for the ordinary clergy. "The Convocation of Canterbury met on Oct. 1, 1414, and broke up on Oct. 20, 1414, after granting Henry two whole tenths." —*Wake*, 350, 351.

81. *Withal:* with. Frequently used by Shakspere in this sense, at the end of sentences.

86. *The severals and unhidden passages:* the separate details and clear titles, derived from descent and inheritance, etc.

87. *Certain dukedoms:* those settled by the treaty of Bretigny (1360), i.e., Normandy, Touraine, etc.

89. *Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather:* Edward III claimed the crown of France through his mother (Isabella, daughter of Philip IV of France), who had married Edward II of England. But, as the Salic law did not recognize claims through females, Edward's claim, in the opinion of the French, was barred. Had this not been so, there were other females with stronger claims than Isabella. France was now (in the time of Henry V) torn by the strife of jealous dukes, and ruled by a weak and demented sovereign, Charles VI; the English therefore thought this a good opportunity for a revival of the English claims.

95. *Go we in:* let us go in. A common form of the subjunctive in Shakspere. The exposition, at the end of this scene, is very primi-

tive; facts, like the coming of the ambassador, the time of meeting, etc., necessary to the understanding of the play, are literally hurled at the audience.

Scene II

For this scene Shakspere is deeply indebted to Holinshed (who was in turn indebted to Hall).

Gloucester and *Bedford:* These dukes were brothers to the King.

Exeter: Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Exeter, was uncle to the king. Before the battle of Harfleur, he was only Earl of Dorset, but Shakspere, throughout the play, gives him his later title.

Earl of Westmoreland: the great Ralph Nevill, one of the council of the regent Bedford, and Warden of the West Marches toward Scotland.

4. *Cousin:* not used to express the usual relationship, but merely as a general term of kinship. Kings so address each other or nobles with whom they are familiar.

11. *The law Salique:* the law of certain Frankish tribes, described in the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury, ll. 33 ff., and which, after the death of Louis X, debarred women from succeeding to the throne of France.

12. *Or should or should not:* a common poetical usage of *or . . . or*, as correlatives, where modern prose would use *either . . . or*.

16-17. *With opening titles miscreate*, etc.: with bringing forward unfounded titles that will not meet the strict demands of truth or equity.

21. *Impawn our person:* pledge or commit us to this grave course of action.

28. *Such waste in brief mortality:* such waste of lives, already too brief in existence.

33. *Then hear me, gracious sovereign:* The plays of Shakspere, especially the earlier historical plays, are filled with long, more or less didactic speeches of serious wisdom or morality. These may be survivals from the early morality plays, and it has been suggested that they were really incorporated for the instruction or moral edification of Elizabethan auditors. They are seldom dramatic; indeed, often the reverse, as the long speech of Friar Lawrence in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 3, 1, will show.

37. *Pharamond:* said to be an ancient Frankish king, and a knight of Arthur's Round Table.

40. *Gloze:* explain. The word carries, sometimes, the idea of craft or dissimulation.

42. *Female bar:* exclusion of females.

45. *Sala:* the Saale, a tributary of the Elbe. The Archbishop contends that, as the "land Salique" is in Germany, the Salic law cannot effect the throne of France.

46. *Charles the Great:* Charlemagne, Emperor of the Franks, who died in 814, after building up an empire which included France, parts of Spain and Italy, and a large part of Germany.

49. *Dishonest:* as often, in Shakspere, means *unchaste.*

53. *Meisen:* now Meissen, in Saxony.

57. *Four hundred one and twenty years:* The number of years would be 379; the computation in the text is a slip copied from Holinshed.

58. *Defunction:* death.

65. *Which:* who. On the use of the relative pronoun, cf. Intro., Gr., 4.

67. *Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair:* "I find in Betham's genealogical tables (No. 252), that Pepin was descended from Blithild, as stated."—*T. P. Courtenay.*

69. *Hugh Capet* made himself King of France on the death of Louis V, in 987.

74. *Convey'd himself:* passed himself off as.

74. *The Lady Lingare:* "I do not find that Hugh Capet had any ancestress of the name of Lingare, or Charlemain such a daughter." —*T. P. Courtenay.* Ritson says: "These fictitious persons and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to 'fine a title with some show of truth,' which 'in pure truth was corrupt and naught.'"

75. *Charlemain:* not Charlemagne, but Charles the Bald (died 877).

77. *King Lewis the Tenth:* really, Louis IX. Shakspere copied the fault from Holinshed. Hall has: "Kyng Lewes also the ninth" (51).

81–82. *Queen Isabel—the Lady Ermengare:* "Charles, Duke of Lorraine, had a daughter, Ermengarde, married to the Duke of Namur. I do not know whether Queen Isabel came from her."—*T. P. Courtenay.*

84. *The which:* see on Prologue, 31.

88. *Lewis his:* Lewis's. It was a common error to explain the *'s* of the possessive case as a contraction of *his;* it is really a contraction of the old genitive ending *-es.* The apostrophe indicates the omitted *e.*

94. *Imbar:* bar out.

96. *May I with right and conscience make this claim?* "There is not so much as an allusion to these claims of Henry in the accounts of the Leicester's Parliament's proceedings given by *Rot. Parl.* and *Elmham* (cap. xvii). When Parliament met at Westminster, on November 19, 1414, the Chancellor (Henry Beaufort) opened the session by a sermon in which he announced that the King had determined to resort to war with France, and therefore needed a large subsidy.—*Rot. Parl.*, iv, 34. . . . On his deathbed, Henry protested that neither ambition nor the desire of fame prompted him to undertake war with France; 'but onelie that, in presenting his just title [to the French crown, through Edward III], he might in the end atteine to a perfect peace, and come to enioe those peeces of his inheritance [from Henry II] which to him of right belonged: and that, before the beginning of the same warres, he was fullie persuaded, by men both wise and of great holinesse of life, that vpon such intent he might and ought both begin the same warres and follow them,' &c. This last clause has the following side-note: 'Chiefly Chichleie, archb. of Cantur. for dashing ye bill against the cleargie, &c.'"—*W. G. Boswell-Stone, Shakspere's Holinshed*, pp. 168–9. Of course, if there had been any foundation for Henry's claim to the French crown, it would not have benefited him; if any descendants of Edward III had any right, the descendants of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, could have claimed before him. He seems to have thought the crown was due him as English king, not as direct heir to Edward III. This conflict between the King and the oldest direct heir of the house of Edward led, in the next reign, to the annihilating War of the Roses, between the houses of York and Lancaster.

98. *In the book of Numbers:* xxvii., 8.

98. *Writ:* see Intro., Gr., 13.

103. *Great-grandsire:* Edward III.

106. *A tragedy:* the Battle of Crecy, 1346.

108. *Whiles:* the genitive singular of *while* (originally a noun); *hwil*, time. Whilst = whil(e)-s-t, is a later form.

118. *Renowned:* made renowned. See Intro., Gr., 23.

120. *May-morn of his youth:* Henry was now twenty-seven years old.

128. *Whose hearts have left their bodies*, etc.: Their hearts or desires are already in France, engaging, in imagination, in the conflict, and the soldiers imagine themselves encamped on the field, prepared for battle.

132. *We of the spirituality:* the clergy.

138. *Road:* inroad.

140. *Marches:* borders or frontier lands—literally, boundaries; a word much used in early English.

143. *Coursing snatchers:* raiders and rovers, thieves of cattle and horses, who so frequently swooped down over the border, and were away again before they could be caught.

144. *Main intendment of the Scot:* the intention of the nation as a whole.

145. *Still:* ever or always; a common usage in Shakspere.

145. *Giddy:* headlong and untrustworthy.

151. *Assays:* assaults.

153. *That:* so that.

154. *Hath shook:* cf. Intro., Gr., 13.

155. *She hath been more fear'd:* she hath been more *afear'd*, or afraid.

157. *Chivalry:* fighting nobles.

158. *A mourning widow:* England is compared to a widow, mourning for her nobles, then absent in France.

160. *Impounded:* shut up in an inclosure (or pound) like a stray dog.

162. *Prisoner Kings:* David II of Scotland, captured at Neville's Cross, 1346, and John II of France, captured at Poitiers, 1356. As a matter of fact, David was not sent to France; Shakspere may have got the idea from the anonymous play, *Edward III*, as W. G. Boswell-Stone suggests.

166. *But there's a saying:* The Folio gives this speech to the Bishop of Ely, but Holinshed shows that it was spoken by Westmoreland. The Bishop would hardly go against his superior, Canterbury, in hindering the war with France.

173. *Havoc:* Shakspere's very common employment of a noun as a verb. See Intro., Gr., 34.

175. *Crushed necessity:* forced, strained, necessity (Schmidt).

177. *Pretty traps . . . petty thieves:* Shakspere was perhaps pleased by the similarity of sound here; modern taste would probably reject the line.

180. *For government, though high and low*, etc.: In singing, though some voices are high, others low, and others lower still, nevertheless, they harmonize and agree; so, in government, the advised (or advising) head and the armed hand (the king and nobles abroad), though they have different duties, yet unite for the harmony of government.

182. *Congreeing:* agreeing.

183. *Therefore doth heaven divide:* another of those long, didactic

speeches referred to in the note on i, 2, 33. Malone quotes, from Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, a long speech on which Shakspere may have modelled this account of the bee-kingdom.

189. *Act of order:* orderly action.

190. *They have a king:* The queen-bee was formerly supposed to be a male.

190. *Officers of sorts:* officers of varying degrees.

194. *Boot:* booty, profit.

200. *Mechanic:* drudging.

202. *Sad-eyed:* serious or sober-eyed.

202. *With his surly hum:* cf. *Macbeth*, iii, 2, 42, "with his drowsy hums."

203. *Executors:* note the pronunciation. Executors here = (almost) executioners, or punishers.

204. *Drone:* the male bee, who does not work in the hive.

206. *Contrariously:* in different ways.

216. *Withal:* here means *therewith*. Cf. note on i, 1, 81.

216. *Gallia:* the ancient (Latin) name for France.

221. *Dauphin:* spelt Dolphin in the early editions and in Holinshed. This title, borne by the French King's oldest son, was derived from the province of Dauphiny, whose early rulers had for a crest a dolphin (Fr. dauphin). When the province came to the French crown, it was on the condition that the heir to the throne take the title of Dauphin. The Dauphin Lewis was a contemporary of the events portrayed in *Henry V*, Acts i-iv. He died December 18, 1415. His brother, the Dauphin John, died in 1417. The Dauphin of the time of Act v was Charles, who reigned, later, as Charles VII, and is a character in 1 *Henry VI*.

226. *Empery:* rule, dominion.

230–1. *Either . . . or:* cf. on i, 2, 12, above, and note the use of *or . . . or*, in ll. 225–8, immediately preceding.

231. *Or else our grave*, etc. The King desires a life that shall be long renowned in history, or else a grave without a monument even so perishable as a waxen epitaph, a grave like a Turkish mute—a tongueless, wordless attendant that can reveal no secrets.

Enter Ambassadors of France: This matter of the gift of the tennis balls historically antedated by a few months the events dramatised in the preceding scenes of the act. Dramatically, however, our play gains immensely by having the incident of the Dauphin's scorn follow the weighty deliberation as to the claims on France; it adds fuel to the fire and gives a very human motive for the King's anger against France. In a way, thereafter, the two

dramatic contestants become Henry V and the Dauphin, just as in 1 *Henry IV*, the contestants about whom most of the serious interest is woven are Henry (then Prince of Wales) and Hotspur. This human motive is of the utmost importance, dramatically. One would like to attribute it to the dramatic insight of Shakspere; unfortunately, however, the same time-device was used by the anonymous author of *The Famous Victories*, in what is one of the most effective scenes of his play.

243. *As is:* thus the Folio; the Quartos read *as are*.

247. *Certain dukedoms:* Normandy, Anjou, Aquitaine, etc.

252. *Galliard:* a lively French dance. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i, 3, 127: "What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?"

255. *Tun of treasure* (called by Holinshed a "barrell"): probably a small barrel-shaped receptacle.

259. *We are glad*, etc. This speech of the King is one of the rousing, poetical passages in the play. It brings the act to a stirring theatrical conclusion.

263. *Hazard:* a part of the tennis-court, a stroke into which would be counted a winning stroke.

264. *Wrangler:* opponent.

267. *Chaces:* strokes in the game.

267. *Comes o'er us:* mocks us.

268. *Our wilder days:* see 1 *Henry IV*, *passim* in the comedy scenes.

282. *Gun-stones:* The earliest cannon fired stones, and the term outlasted the use of the material.

285. *Mock:* note the effect of the repetition of this word.

297. *Safe-conduct:* suitable protection through a foreign or hostile country.

307–10. Note the double use of rhyme in these lines. The rhyming couplet indicated the closing of a scene.

ACT II

Prologue

Flourish: i.e., of trumpets. This stage direction occurs frequently in Shakspere, especially in connection with court and battle scenes.

Chorus: The function of the chorus here is different from its function in connection with Act i. There it explained, in general terms, the subject-matter and style of the play; here it gives par-

ticular details as to the treason of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, which, indeed, when it is enacted, might not be understood by an audience previously unprepared. It need hardly be said that this primitive manner of giving necessary information to an audience would not be tolerated in a modern play.

2. *Silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:* The silken apparel of court life, suited for attendance on the King and on ladies, is now laid aside for the accoutrements of war.

5. *They sell the pasture now to buy the horse:* a figurative way of saying that they sell land—the pasture of horses—to buy war-horses themselves.

6. *The mirror of all Christian Kings:* a common figure in the days of Elizabeth; the King, like Hamlet, is the glass of [kingly] fashion, in whom other kings must study proper behaviour. Cf. *The Mirror for Magistrates*, a publication of the earlier years of the reign of Elizabeth.

7. *Mercuries:* Mercury was an ancient god, the herald and messenger of Jove. His golden, winged sandals carried him quickly over land and sea.

9. *Hilts:* Shakspere uses the plural, where we should now say *hilt*. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, v, 3, 43. Cf., also, Shakspere's use of *funerals*, in the same play, v, 3, 105.

19. *Kind:* according to nature. Cf. *Hamlet*, i, ii, 65, "a little more than kin, and less than *kind*," i.e., of the same family.

19. *Natural:* i.e., according to what one would expect of children or kindred.

22. *Crowns:* coins.

23. *Richard, Earl of Cambridge:* a grandson of Edward III He apparently had the intention of securing the throne for his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, who was really nearer to it in direct line of descent than Henry V himself. Mortimer had no share in the plot. Such unfortunate quarrels led to the War of the Roses. The Earl of Cambridge was father of Richard Duke of York, father of Edward IV.

24. *Lord Scroop:* third husband of Joan, Duchess of York, mother-in-law of Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

26. *Guilt:* for a similar play on words, cf. *Macbeth*, ii, 2, 56–7: "I'll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their *guilt*."

40. *We'll not offend one stomach*: by sea-sickness in this imaginary voyage, nor, perhaps, by unbecoming words or scenes in the play.

Scene I

Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph: These and Pistol and the Hostess are characters carried forward, by Shakspere, from previous plays. They belong to the roystering group that surrounded Sir John Falstaff, with whom Henry, then Prince of Wales, is described as being on terms of great and intimate friendship in the two parts of *Henry IV*. These comic characters also appear in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Bardolph and Mistress Quickly appear in all the plays; Pistol emerges in the second part of *Henry IV*, and Nym in *The Merry Wives*. Most of these characters have lost in humour, with the passing of the years; their effect on the modern stage is a bit antiquated. It will be noted that the comic scenes of the play are in prose, according to Shakspere's custom when the subject-matter falls below a certain level of dignity or of emotion. The propriety of introducing these low-comedy scenes in a dignified play was not allowed to pass unchallenged, even before Shakspere's day. The habit arose in the religious plays, where, as in the Second Shepherd's Play of the Townely cycle, we find scenes of wild farce about the stealing of a sheep mixed with solemn scenes portraying the birth of the Saviour. The Elizabethan auditors liked this grotesque mingling of elements, the mingling of clowns and kings, to use Sidney's expression. Shakspere inherited this, as one of the conventions of the stage. *The Famous Victories*, the earlier play on the life of Henry V, uses comic characters for the same purpose. The two elements are far more artistically welded in 1 *Henry IV*, because the young prince is the central figure in both the serious (or poetical) and the comic (or prose) episodes; he seems to pass naturally from the tavern to the court. The comic scenes of *Henry V* are far more of an excrescence on the play, and they are much less amusing. Fluellen cannot begin to take the place, as an entertainer, of the inimitable and immortal Falstaff, of the earlier histories.

For good or ill, the modern stage has adopted and adapted this romantic disregard for unity of action; and certainly, compared with the frigid outlines of the French classic drama, the Elizabethan form, with all its crudities and inconsistencies, seems to touch more vitally and interestingly on life.

1. *Nym:* His name means to pilfer, and was meant, by Shakspere, to describe his character.

3. *Ancient:* formerly spelt aunchient—a corruption of the word ensign; a standard-bearer.

4. *For my part, I care not:* The reader will notice the concise,

apothegmatic nature of Nym's speech. He aims at weighty and grave utterance, with a kind of hidden import. Shakspere relies on this characteristic for contrast with Pistol's bombastic, high-falutin conversation, made up of scraps from blank-verse plays of a highly melodramatic quality.

15. *Rendezvous:* It will hardly be necessary to discourse, learnedly, on Nym's misuse of language. "That is the humour of it."

27. *Call'st thou me host:* Evidently, though his wife was hostess, of the tavern, Pistol objects to being called host, to being regarded as the "husband of the prima donna." Note the outlandish, high-flown verse that Pistol constantly indulges in; in effect much like the "eftsoons," and "gadzooks," of the modern burlesque actor.

32. *Wilful adultery:* The hostess was always the Mrs. Malaprop among Shakspere's women-characters. Some of her garrulous mistakes, especially in 2 *Henry IV*, are delicious.

39. *Shog:* jog (probably).

40. *Solus:* Evidently the orotund Pistol did not know the meaning of this bit of Latin, which he took as an insult, applied to himself.

41. *Mervailous:* marvellous; the Folio reading.

48. *Barbason:* said to be an evil spirit, called up by conjurors. Pistol's inflated speech reminds Nym of the meaningless jargon of conjurors.

54. *Wight:* old English for *person.*

55. *The grave doth gape, and doting death is near:* a perfect imitation, even to the alliteration, of the bombastic lines of early plays.

56. *Exhale:* either draw (thy weapon) or die. But Pistol makes sounds, he hardly speaks; therefore, why explain his meaning?

59. *Mickle:* much, great.

64. *Couple a gorge:* Pistol's attempt at the French *coupe la gorge*, cut the throat.

67. *Spital:* an early form of hospital.

68. *Lazar kite of Cressid's kind:* For *lazar*, see note on i, 1, 15; Cressid, the heroine of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, was the type of a faithless woman (kite); in some old versions of the story she dies of leprosy.

69. *Doll Tearsheet:* a character in 2 *Henry IV*.

70. *The quondam Quickly:* the name of the hostess in the earlier plays.

71. *Pauca: pauca verba*, few words.

75. *Put thy face between his sheets:* referring to the red, inflamed nose of Bardolph for which he is frequently the butt of jokes.

79. *The King has killed his heart:* Falstaff, in 1 and 2 *Henry IV*, had expected to be raised to high honour, when his boon companion, the young prince, became King. At the scene of the coronation of Henry V (2 *Henry IV*, v, 5), he is shown waiting, in great glee, for the passing of the King. Henry reproves him, with words of admonition, that cut very deep. It is this circumstance that the Hostess has in mind.

93. *An:* if; a very common use in Shakspere.

98. *A noble:* an old English coin, worth 6s. 8d.

102. *Sutler:* a small camp-trader, selling food, etc., to the soldiers.

109. *Quotidian tertian:* another Quicklyism. The good dame mixes the quotidian fever, ague, in which the attacks would occur daily, with the tertian, in which they would occur every third day. But again, this is "the humour of it."

112. *Run bad humours on the knight:* by treating him roughly, and banishing him from the royal presence.

114. *Spoke:* cf. Intro., Gr., 13.

115. *His heart is fracted and corroborate:* This is a deliciously humorous line, whatever it means. *Fracted* = broken.

117. *Humours and careers:* "Passing careers," in the case of horses, meant, we are told, causing them to gallop up and down over a certain course, and stopping them suddenly.

Scene II

As Act i showed the awakening of Henry's purpose toward an invasion of France, the serious scenes of Act ii show the events both in the English and the French armies, that led up to the decisive victory at Harfleur in Act iii. Perhaps, from the point of view of strict dramatic unity, this second scene, of the discovery of the traitors, is unnecessary; it has but little to do with the main dramatic effect—the conflict between Henry and the Dauphin. But it had the advantage, in Elizabeth's day, of exciting the interest of the audience in the fate of its great idol-hero, and affording a thrill or two as to the outcome of the adventure.

The suggestion for the scene is found in Holinshed.

8. *His bedfellow:* Lord Scroop. Shakspere borrows the expression from Holinshed.

18. *In head:* in force.

23. *Nor leave not:* for the double negative, see Intro., Gr., 24.

31. *Create:* created. See Intro., Gr., 8.

34. *Quittance:* reward, payment.

43. *His more advice:* either on his later reflection on his own case, or on our further consideration of his case. This particular adjectival use of *more* is now obsolete.

44. *Security:* confidence.

46. *By his sufferance:* by tolerating him.

47. *Yet:* still.

53. *Orisons:* petitions, prayers. Cf. *Hamlet,* iii, 1, 89–90, "Nymph, in thy orisons, Be all my sins remembered."

55. *Stretch our eye:* If we open our eyes so wide at this slight fault, how can we further open them for capital crimes?

61. *Late:* lately chosen or appointed.

63. *It:* the commission or royal authority.

69. *I know your worthiness:* The papers the King puts in their hands really show that he has learned of their treason. Hence his later remark: "Their cheeks are paper," etc.

75. *Cowarded:* for this verb, formed from a noun, cf. Intro., Gr., 23.

79. *Quick:* living, as in the expression, "the *quick* and the dead."

87. *Appertinents:* things belonging to his high rank.

90. *Practices:* treasonable plots, as frequently in Shakspere.

91. *Hampton:* Southampton.

95. *Ingrateful:* The use of *un-* and *in-* as prefixes was confused in Shakspere's day. He uses both *ingrateful* and *ungrateful.*

102. *Annoy:* hurt.

103–4. *As gross As black and white:* as strongly marked and distinct as black against white.

107. *In a natural cause:* in a cause where murder and treason would be naturally combined.

109 ff: The idea is that murder and treason in Lord Scroop are the more monstrous because of his intimacy with the King; the fiend that worked on him is the most excellent in hell. Other devils that suggest treasons do it under the semblance of piety, but the devil that tempered Scroop gave no instance why he should do treason; simply dubbed him traitor. In other words, Scroop, the King thinks, had no cause for his treachery.

113. *Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:* has the vote or election in hell as most excellent.

117. *Glistering:* Shakspere's form for *glistening.*

118. *Bade thee stand up:* perhaps in connection with the ceremony of knighting, suggested in *dub.*

120. *Dub:* referred originally to the act of making a man a knight by striking him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of a sword; then, as here, to the giving of any name, good or bad.

121. *Gull'd:* cheated.

123. *Tartar:* Tartarus; in ancient legend, the place of punishment for the spirits of the wicked.

126. *Jealousy:* suspicion.

137. *Finely bolted:* sifted, like fine flour.

141. *Methinks:* Originally the *me* was the dative case of the pronoun, used with the impersonal verb *think*, to seem. *Methinks* = it seems to me. Cf. the poetical expression, *meseems*.

144. *Practices:* cf. note on line 90.

155. *For me the gold of France did not seduce:* As stated in the note on 2 Prologue, 23, he probably wished to secure the throne for his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.

159. *Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice:* in suffering as to which, I shall heartily rejoice.

166. *Quit:* pardon.

169. *The golden earnest of our death:* gold, as earnest money in part payment that our death may be carried out.

Scene III

The chief interest in this scene centres in its account of the death of Falstaff, told inimitably in the Hostess's own garrulous way. The question as to why Shakspere killed off this greatest of his comedy-creations will never be satisfactorily answered. In the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV*, he promised to bring him in this play of *Henry V*. He had shown him as a blustering, cowardly fighter in *Henry IV;* before Harfleur, and at Agincourt, he could not have further built up the character of the man. Fluellen, the brave, somewhat obstreperous Welshman, must console us there for the absence of Sir John.

1. *Bring thee:* bear thee company.

2. *Staines:* near Windsor, on the road to Southampton.

3. *Yearn:* grieve.

9. *In Arthur's bosom:* The hostess has made this original and romantic bit of Scripture immortal.

10. *'A:* he. A common use in colloquial or vulgar talk, in Shakspere.

11. *Christom child:* a blunder for chrisom child, an infant that died within a month of its birth. The chrisom was the white cloth worn by a child for seven days after being anointed with the chrism or holy oil, once used in connection with baptism.

12–13. *At the turning of the tide:* It is an old superstition, in sea-

board places, that a dying person passes away when the tide is lowest.

16. *'A babbled of green fields:* Theobald's happy emendation of the Folio reading "a Table of greene fields." The line does not occur in the Quartos.

33–4. Another reference to the famous red nose of Bardolph. Grief makes him take the taunt more calmly than in the last scene, ii, 1, 75–6.

42. *Senses:* common-sense.

47. *Clear thy crystals:* wipe thine eyes?

55. *Farewell; adieu:* This is the last glimpse we are ever to have of the delightful Quickly. With Sir John, she has gone into the gallery of world-masterpieces of portraiture. Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, and the Boy are now to betake themselves to pastures new in France.

Scene IV

France. This is the first entry into the play of the antagonists of Henry. Shakspere gets a good effect by portraying the natural (dramatic) adversary of the King—the Dauphin Louis—as overconfident of success, and altogether despising the power of the English. This makes his defeat dramatically more telling, and would also add to the patriotic fervour of the auditors, already, in Elizabeth's day, raised to a high pitch of enthusiasm for Henry and his deeds. The scene, then, is important, as completing the purely introductory part of the play, and as giving the auditor or reader a chance to see for himself the quality of his hero's foe.

The French King: Charles VI, who suffered from fits of insanity, and who died Oct. 21, 1422, a few weeks after his English son-in-law, Henry V.

The Dauphin: Louis, the eldest son of Charles VI, who died soon after the battle of Agincourt, Dec. 18, 1415, when his next brother, John, became Dauphin. The latter died in 1417, and his brother Charles succeeded as Dauphin, and afterwards, became King, as Charles VII.

The Constable: Charles d'Albret, a natural son of Charles *le Mauvais*, King of Navarre, and consequently half-brother to Henry V's stepmother, Queen Joan, whom he accompanied to England in 1402, when she came over from Brittany to marry Henry IV. Originally, the constable was count of the royal stables, that is, Master of the Horse. Afterwards, the title was given to a nobleman of high position at court; in France, this official was commander-in-chief of the army.

1. *Comes:* for the singular verb with plural subject, see Intro., Gr., 18.

5. *Make forth:* go forth.

8. *Defendant:* defensive.

9. *England:* the King of England, as often in Shakspere.

12. *Late examples:* Crecy, Poitiers.

13. *Fatal and neglected English:* fatal to theFrench, because neglected by them.

20. *As were a war:* as if a war were; see Intro., Gr., 20.

25. *Whitsun:* Whitsunday, the church festival commemorating the Pentecost.

25. *Morris-dance:* a name given to dancers on May Day, and at Whitsuntide festivals. The dancers were decked with ribbons, bells, etc. The word was originally, perhaps, *Moorish*, the dances having been supposed to have been brought from Spain in the reign of Edward III, and Spain was long under the yoke of the Moors.

26. *My liege:* a term of respect to the King. Liege, originally meant faithful, then free. A liege lord was a free lord, and his "lieges" were free by service, except to him.

26. *King'd:* ruled by a king. Another instance of Shakspere's forming of verbs from nouns. See Intro., Gr., 34.

29. *O peace, Prince Dauphin:* the Constable, in a minor way, checks the braggart spirit of the Dauphin, as Henry does by his "gun-stones." See Act iii, Scene vii.

31. *Question your grace:* let your grace question.

34. *Withal:* still a third use of this word; here it means, with all this, or yet.

36. *Forespent:* spent before, or past.

37. *Roman Brutus:* the Roman who drove out the oppressive king, Tarquin the Proud; to conceal his plans, he pretended to be mad.

46–7. *Which, of a weak and niggardly projection:* Defences, projected weakly and in a niggardly way, resemble a miser who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth.

47. *Doth:* do. Cf. *hath* for have, 1 Prologue, 8.

48. *Think we King Harry strong:* let us think King Harry strong. Cf. on "Go we in," i, 1, 95. Shakspere represents this French King as more firm and dignified in council than history would lead us to suppose he was.

50. *The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us:* As hounds were given pieces of the flesh of animals they were to hunt, Henry's kin, having won in former battles, were more eager to try again.

50. *Hath:* We should now use *have* with kindred.

52. *Our familiar paths:* at home, in France.

61. *The patterns:* the sons, types or patterns of the race.

67. *Present audience:* immediate audience.

70. *Spend their mouths:* bark.

72. *Take up the English short:* stop the English, with a round turn.

75. *Our brother of England:* a respectful way of referring to fellow-rulers.

80. *'Longs:* again a singular verb with a plural subject.

85. *Sinister:* accented on the second syllable. Here the word means, literally, left-handed or indirectly descended or derived.

89. *Demonstrative:* demonstrating his title to the crown.

90. *Overlook:* look over.

91. *Evenly:* without any uncertainty of descent.

94. *Indirectly:* unjustly, or by indirect descent.

95. *Challenger:* claimant.

100. *Like a Jove:* Jove, in classic fable, was the wielder of the thunderbolt.

101. *Requiring:* asking.

102. *In the bowels of the Lord:* explained by the following lines: "to take mercy On the poor souls for whom this hungry war Opens his vasty jaws."

120. *An if:* This double use of *an* (if) and *if*, is common in Shakspere.

124. *Womby vaultages:* a rather high-flown phrase for "hollow vaults."

126. *In second accent of his ordinance:* in echoes of his cannon, or ordnance. The word is *ordnance* in 3 Prologue, 26.

131. *Paris balls:* The tennis balls of i, 2.

132. *Paris Louvre:* note the sarcastic force of the repetition of the word *Paris*. The *Louvre* was the ancient royal palace, begun, according to some writers, in the seventh century.

133. *Mistress-court:* the leading court; a kind of double meaning is apparent between tennis court and royal court.

138. *Masters:* is master of.

144. *Footed:* landed.

ACT III

It cannot be said that Act iii, which ought, perhaps, to contain the height of action, does more than grope toward the battle of

Agincourt (described in Act iv). The most stirring episode (Henry's speech to the soldiers) is in Scene i; thereafter, we have several scenes of extreme "business," by common soldiers, the entry into Harfleur, and the preparations for battle, near Agincourt. The act lacks stirring situation; it seems to be feeling its way toward something rather indefinitely conceived by the poet. In other words, it marks time, instead of marching.

Prologue

1. *Imagin'd wing:* wing of imagination.

5. *Brave:* making a fine appearance.

6. *Silken streamers:* silken banners.

6. *Phœbus:* the Greek name for Apollo, the sun-god.

7. *Play with your fancies:* This constant nervous exhortation to the auditors to fill up, imaginatively, the pitiful poverty of appliances in the theatre, becomes a bit pathetic. As in the Prologue to Act ii, necessary information is given as to the King's movements. Some of the most resounding poetry of the play occurs in these speeches of the Chorus.

14. *Rivage:* shore, bank.

16. *Majestical:* Shakspere uses many adjectives ending in *-ical*, where modern usage employs *-ic*.

18. *Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy:* follow, as if actually fastened on behind one of the ships.

21. *Pith:* vigour, strength.

21. *Puissance:* The Chorus is particularly fond of this word; cf. 1 Prologue, 25, where it is pronounced as three syllables; here it is pronounced as two.

26. *Ordnance:* The Folio reads *ordenance*, whereas in ii, 4, 128, we find *ordinance*.

27. *Girded:* girdled.

30. *To dowry: as* or *for* dowry. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1, 144: "I know that we shall have him well *to* friend," and the quaint expression, "to have *to* wife."

32. *The offer likes not:* pleases not. Cf. iv, 3, 77: "Which likes me better."

33. *Linstock:* a stick with a catch at one end for holding the match used in firing cannon.

Chambers: small cannon, with a movable chamber for the charge. The Globe Theatre was burned down in 1613, during a performance of *Henry VIII*, by the discharge of a cannon of this kind, causing

the igniting of the thatched roof. The carrying out of this device of imitating the discharge of cannon, in the speech of the Chorus, has been found very effective in recent performances of the play.

Scene I

1. *Once more unto the breach:* This, and the "Crispin-Crispian" speech, iv, 3, 18, are the two great show-pieces for the king. An actor of good elocutionary power can never fail to make an effect with them.

This idea of one man exhorting whole armies, turning the tide of battle by personal prowess, etc., is essentially at the core of chivalry, with all that the term implies. One feels, almost, as if this great war were, in Shakspere's mind, a personal combat between Henry and the Dauphin; so, too, in 2 *Henry IV*, it is merely the Prince and Hotspur who are engaged. We care nothing for the other combatants. This is, in fact, the spirit of Homer, for instance, as well as of the Elizabethan dramatists. The *reductio ad absurdum* came in the heroic plays of the Restoration, where the hero carries certain victory to the side he supports, and can kill any number of the enemy by his unaided powers, or even by a glance of his terrible eye. Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada* is the imposing example of this sort of play.

9. *Aspect:* accented, as usual in Shakspere, on the second syllable.

10. *Portage:* port-holes, eye-sockets. The eye is to look fiercely through its socket, as a gun through a port-hole.

13. *Jutty:* jut out beyond. Shakspere nowhere else uses this word as a verb.

13. *Confounded:* worn away.

14. *Swilled with:* washed with much water by.

17. *His:* its.

18. *Fet:* fetched, as quite frequently in Shakspere.

19. *Alexanders:* Alexander, King of Macedon, who conquered much of Asia, and is said to have wept because there were no more kingdoms to conquer. Henry means that the fathers of his hearers conquered France and sheathed their swords "for lack of argument" or quarrel, or because there were no more worlds to conquer.

27. *The mettle of your pasture:* the quality of your country training or breeding.

31. *Like grey-hounds in the slips:* lines or nooses in which hounds were held before starting for their prey. The English are straining

like hounds before being *slipped*, or let loose. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1, 274: "Cry, 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war!"

Scene II

Though *Henry V* is a very long play, as it stands, Shakspere may have felt that there would not have been enough material for an acting drama, if he had confined himself to the scenes involving the noble characters, and had omitted these "comic" characters of different nationalities. Of course these comedy scenes add to the life of the play, but, to a modern reader, at least, they are too long, and sometimes just a bit tiresome. The auditor of Shakspere's day, however, would unquestionably like them, if only for their contrast to the more stately scenes; it was the kind of "mingling of clowns and kings" that he was used to.

1. *To the breach:* perhaps meant to burlesque, for the "groundlings," the exalted speech of the King in the preceding scene.

3. *Case of lives:* "a *pair* of lives; as a case of pistols" (*Rolfe*). "A set, i.e., more than one life" (*Ferguson*).

4. *Plain-song:* a simple melody, with notes of equal length.

17. *As bird doth sing on bough:* evidently a scrap from some old ballad.

Enter Fluellen: Fluellen, the chief of the comic characters, is represented as a brave, fiery Welshman, jealous of his honour, and loyal to the King, because of his Welsh relationship. The name Fluellen is an attempt to approximate the pronunciation of the Welsh name Llewellyn.

The Welsh dialect of this character, like the Irish dialect of Macmorris, and the Scots dialect of Jamy, is no more than an attempt, on Shakspere's part, to indicate national peculiarities in the speaking of English. Some of the words are recognizable in dialect today, but many of them strike the modern reader, at least, as pretty wide of the mark. Moreover, in Fluellen's speech, there is great inconsistency, the same words being pronounced now one way, now another. The entire matter of the dialect is possibly only an indication to the actor, to be worked out by his own power of mimicry.

18. *Cullions:* rascals, a term of reviling.

22. *Bawcock:* "a term of endearment, but always masculine."—(Schmidt).

25. *Boy:* This lad has keen powers of observation, and a quiet humour that make him a distinct and likable character.

25. *Swashers:* braggarts, swaggering fellows.

28. *Antics:* fools, clowns.

29. *White-livered:* A bloodless liver was supposed to be a mark of a coward. Cf. *Macbeth*, v, 3, 15, "*lily-livered* boy."

42. *Would carry coals:* supposed to be the lowest, most menial service.

43. *Handkerchers:* This pronunciation still prevails in vulgar speech.

52. *Look you:* an ear-mark of Fluellen's speech. With the laboured, halting constructions, the bad grammar, the mispronunciation of words, Fluellen's speech certainly has much of the effect of the gropings of a foreigner in our tongue.

76. *God-den:* good evening. The form occurs elsewhere in Shakspere.

Scene III

Before the gates: There is really, in the play, very little fighting about Harfleur. Henry's resounding speech in Scene i represents about all the storm and stress of battle that we are to get; and now, in Scene iii, we see the entry of the victorious English into the town. This was a weakness in most of the historical plays, when "two broadswords eked a battle out."

The Governor: of Harfleur. "Jean lord D'Estouteville held the chief command at Harfleur, when it was first invested by the English, but a reinforcement of 300 lances having been thrown in under Raoul Sieur de Gancourt, that leader seems thereupon to have assumed the direction of the defence; thus Lydgate speaks of him as Governor,—

> 'The Lord Gancourt certeynly
> For he was capteyn in that place.'

Gancourt was the principal spokesman, for his side, in the parleys with the English lords, appointed to treat for the surrender of the town, after a siege of thirty-six days, Sept. 22, 1415. D'Estouteville and Gancourt were both sent as prisoners to England; the latter wrote a narrative of the siege."—*Courtenay.*

1. *Yet:* still, now.

2. *Parle:* speech, parley.

11. *The flesh'd soldier:* cf. on ii, 4, 50: "The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us."

12–13. *Shall range*, etc.: cf. *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1, 271 ff:

> "And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side, come hot from hell."

21. *Bootless:* without avail; used here as an adverb.

23. *Precepts:* accented, here, on the last syllable.

25. *Take pity of:* for the preposition, see Intro., Gr., 26.

26. *Whiles:* see note on. i, 2, 108.

28. *O'erblows:* blows over, or away.

29. *Heady murder:* cf. i, 1, 34: "heady currance."

31. *Blind:* i.e., with fury.

37. *Jewry:* Judea. The occasion, of course, was the slaughter of the innocents, by order of Herod (Matthew ii).

40. *Guilty in defence:* because defending uselessly, and therefore making yourselves guilty of subsequent horrors of war.

42. *The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated:* Holinshed says (iii, 550, 1, 68): "When this composition was agreed upon, the lord Bacquevill was sent unto the French king, to declare in what point the towne stood. To whome the Dolphin answered, that the kings power was not yet assembled in such number as was convenient to raise so great a siege. This answer being brought unto the capteins within the towne, they rendered it up to the King of England, after that the third day was expired."

47. *Defensible:* able to defend ourselves.

53. *To Calais:* to terrify the French, and, at the same time, cover any appearance of flight, after the heavy losses at the siege of Harfleur.

55. *Addrest:* ready, prepared.

Scene IV

This scene introduces to us, briefly, the future wife of Henry V, the Princess Katharine, who has been hovering in the background, and who now emerges as an important factor in the negotiations for peace between the two countries. The scene has been condemned as foolish and unworthy of Shakspere; but dramatically it has strong reason for existence. It shows the Princess as more than half interested, already, in the conqueror of her country, and her future husband; and there is a touch of feminine charm in her desire to learn his language. She apparently has as little doubt as has Alice of the ability of the latter to teach the English tongue, and the touch of girlish curiosity throughout the scene is distinctly charming.

Katharine: daughter of Charles and Isabel, was born in Paris, Oct. 27, 1401. She was one of five daughters, the eldest of whom, Isabel, became the second wife of Richard II, of England. Henry V

negotiated for a marriage with this eldest sister, but, on the failure of this suit, turned his attention to the third daughter, Katharine. After the death of Henry V, his widow married Owen Tudor, a Welshman, and this marriage was regarded as a *mésalliance* by the proud nobles of both France and England. Their eldest son, Edmund Tudor, created by his half-brother, Henry VI, Earl of Richmond, married the heiress of the Dukes of Somerset, Margaret Beaufort; their only child attained the throne as Henry VII.

4. *Il faut que j'apprenne à parler:* The Princess has, perhaps, an idea of the way things are going; she will be ready for her courting by the Englishman.

The translation is as follows:—

Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well.—A little, madame.—I pray you teach me. I must learn to speak. What do you call *la main* in English?—*La main?* It is called de hand.—De hand. And *les doigts?—Les doigts?* My faith, I forget *les doigts:* but I will recall it. *Les doigts?* I think they are called de fingres; yes, de fingres.—*La main,* de hand; *les doigts,* de fingres. I think I am a good pupil. I have learned two words of English quickly. What do you call *les ongles?—Les ongles?* We call them de nails.—De nails. Listen; tell me, if I speak right: de hand, de fingres, and de nails.—That is well said, madame; it is very good English.—Tell me the English for *le bras.*—De arm, madame.—And *le coude?*—De elbow.—De elbow. I will repeat all the words you have taught me up to now.—It is too difficult, Madame, I think.—Excuse me, Alice; listen: De hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.—De elbow, madame.—O Lord, I forget! De elbow. What do you call *le col?*—De nick, madame.—De nick. And *le menton?*—De chin.—De sin. *Le col,* de nick; *le menton,* de sin.—Yes. Save your honor, in truth, you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England.—I doubt not that I can learn, by the grace of God, and in a little while.—Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?—No, I will recite it to you promptly: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—De nails, madame.—De nails, de arm, de ilbow.—Save your honor, de elbow.—So I say; de elbow, de nick, and de sin. What do you call *le pied* and *la robe?*—De foot, madame; and de coun (gown).—De foot and de coun! I will once more recite my whole lesson: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.—Excellent, madame!—That is enough for once. Let us go to dinner.

Scene V

This scene shows the gradual increase of respect and fear, on the part of the Frenchmen, for the formerly despised English invaders. And yet the feeling is one of indignant surprise and disgust rather than of conviction of defeat. The talk is still high and mighty; they will demand a ransom from Henry. The abject defeat and humiliation are to come after the battle of Agincourt, in Act iv. Here, the French vent their spleen by bestowing contemptuous words on the English and their country.

2. *An if:* see on ii, 4, 122.

2. *Withal:* again the emphatic form of *with*, at the end of a sentence. See on i, 1, 81.

5. *O dieu vivant:* It is odd to find this expression, and *Mort de ma vie!* and *Dieu de battalles!* ("O living God"; "death of my life"; "God of battles") all occurring in speeches presumably spoken throughout in French; the effect is jarring on dramatic sensibilities. The French is managed far better in the scenes in which Katharine appears.

5. *Shall a few sprays of us*, etc : that is, shall a few descendants or sprays (sprigs) of ours [the English, descended from William the Conqueror and his Normans], our scions [i.e., slips or shoots] grafted into the wild and savage stock of the early English [the Saxons], spirt or shoot up suddenly, and overlook (or look down upon, tower above), their original grafters—the French?

9. *Grafters:* those who grafted them on the English stock.

10. *Bastard Normans, Norman bastards:* Notice the dramatic force of the inversion of the order of the words, in the second expression.

13. *Slobbery:* wet, muddy, owing to the damp climate of England.

14. *Nook—shotten:* shooting out into nooks or tongues of land; contrasted with the more even geographical lines of France.

14. *Albion:* an old, poetical name of England, connected with its white chalk-cliffs (*albus*, white).

18. *Sodden water:* barley and water boiled together in the manufacture of ale. Sodden, a past participle of *seethe*, means softened by being thoroughly boiled; here it refers to the barley, rather than the water.

19. *Sur-reined:* over-ridden.

19. *Barley-broth:* a contemptuous term for beer, which the Constable here considers a kind of drench for tired jades.

20. *Decoct:* boil again, heat up.

31. *Lavoltas, corantos:* The *lavolta* was a kind of dance in which there was "lofty jumping," according to Sir John Davies; and the *coranto* was also a lively dance, "with sliding passages." Cf. *Twelfth Night*, i, 3, 137: "Go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto."

37. *More sharper:* For this double comparative, common in Shakspere, cf. Intro., Gr., 8.

38. *Delabreth:* Shakspere adopts the spelling of Holinshed; the modern spelling is D'Albret.

45. *Quit you:* free, or clear yourself. A common meaning in older English.

62. *Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen:* Holinshed says, "The Dolphin sore desired to have beene at the battell, but he was prohibited by his father."

Scene VI

5. *The Duke of Exeter:* He was probably not present at the battle of Agincourt.

6. *Agamemnon:* one of the principal characters in the *Iliad*.

11. *Aunchient:* see on ii, 1, 3.

13. *Mark Antony:* the friend of Julius Cæsar, and, later, one of the three masters of the civilised world.

39. *Pax:* "In the chronicle history from which Shakspere took his facts, the word is spelled *pix* (pyx) and this was what Bardolph stole. It was a small box of precious metal or copper-gilt, in which the consecrated wafer used in the service of the Mass was contained. To steal or even touch this was a very serious offence. A *pax* was a small image of Christ fixed to a tablet of wood or metal; it was carried round at certain services, to be kissed in token of good-will and peace; hence its name pax (Latin), peace. The word pax is still used to indicate the box in which certain selected coins are placed to be tested before the coinage is issued from the mint."—*Ferguson.*

55. *Figo:* the Spanish word for fig, and used as a term of contempt, as Pistol indicates in l. 58.

68. *Learn:* cause to learn, teach; a common vulgarism to-day.

70. *Sconce:* a bulwark.

72. *Con:* learn or memorise.

Enter King Henry: the first entry of the King into the comic episodes, where he is hereafter to play some part.

78. *Mistook:* for this form of the past participle, see Intro., Gr., 13.

98. *Bubuckles:* Fluellen may have meant carbuncles.

Enter Montjoy: This character is now to represent the gradations of French feeling, from supremely insolent confidence to the humiliation following the battle of Agincourt. He takes, in a way, the part of the Dauphin as the antagonist of the English King. The scenes in which he figures are dramatic and life-like.

109. *My habit:* i.e., my herald's coat.

137. *Impeachment:* hindrance.

137. *Sooth:* truth. An old English word, still preserved in sooth-sayer.

153. *There's for thy labour:* It was customary to reward a herald, whatever his message.

167. *On:* not commonly used, now, before to-morrow.

Scene VII

Enter the Constable, etc.: The Folio reads *Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*" The Quarto has "*Enter* Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon"; and it gives to Bourbon the speeches assigned by the Folio to the Dauphin, or "Dolphin." We know, from iii, 5, 62, that the Dauphin was not at the battle of Agincourt; perhaps, as has been suggested, Shakspere was confused here by the name Sir Guichard Dauphin (cf. iv, 8, 91).

13. *As if his entrails were hairs:* i.e., as if he were a ball stuffed with hair, moving easily and lightly. *Le cheval volant,* the flying horse.

14. *Pegasus:* the flying horse of Bellerophon. *Chez les narines de feu,* with nostrils of fire.

17. *Pipe of Hermes:* the simple musical instrument (the shepherd's pipe) invented by Hermes (Mercury). This is said to be the only place where Shakspere gives Mercury his Greek name. Cf. 2 Prologue, 7.

19. *Perseus:* the Greek hero who slew the Gorgon, Medusa. He also saved the life of Andromeda, who had been chained to a rock, a prey to the sea monster. See Hawthorne's "The Gorgon's Head" (*A Wonder Book,* etc.) and William Morris's "The Doom of King Acrisius" (in *The Earthly Paradise*).

20. *Pure fire and air; and the dull elements,* etc.: The four elements, of which the ancients believed all things composed, were earth, air, fire, and water. This horse is so swift that he is composed of only two; dull earth and water do not enter into him.

44. *A many:* cf. our expression "a few."

54. *Hazard:* risk (at dice). Cf. 4 Prologue, 18:

> "The confident and over-lusty French
> Do the low-rated English play at dice."

58. *The Dauphin longs:* Shakspere, not content with making the English despise the Dauphin, here shows the French lords rating him at low value.

77–8. *Hooded . . . bate:* In falconry, the falcon was kept blinded or hooded, until he was to be sent after his prey; when the hood was removed, the falcon *bated* (i.e., flapped its wings once or twice, before flying off). Perhaps there is a pun in *bate* and *abate*.

88. *Bolt:* a blunt-headed arrow.

108. Refers to the practice of bear-baiting, a popular English sport, frequented by the rougher elements of the population. The dogs were big English mastiffs trained to attack any animal; the bears were brought from Russia.

112. *Robustious:* cf. *Hamlet,* iii, 2, 8, "robustious, periwig-pated fellow."

116. *Shrewdly out of:* sadly in need of.

ACT IV

The events of this act all centre in the field of Agincourt. The first scene shows the bravery, in affliction, of the English; the second, the over-confidence of the French. This contrast would stir an English audience, and would well prepare for the triumph of Henry. There is far less actual skirmishing in the act than is usual with Shakspere; cf. *Richard III*, 1 *Henry IV*, *Julius Cæsar*, etc. In consequence, we seem to reach the height of the action—the humble return of Montjoy—without having borne the heat and burden of the day. To make up for this dearth of episodes, Shakspere introduces the brave soldier, Williams, both to show the democratic character of the bluff young King, and to supply an incident in which the Englishman of his own day could take a sympathetic interest.

Prologue

The picture of Night on the battlefield, with both armies eager for the dawn and anxious to begin the fray, is one of the finest bits of poetry in the play; as a matter of fact, some of the best verse in *Henry V* occurs in this act (see the two speeches of the King, iv, 1, 215 ff., and iv, 3, 20, ff).

6. *That:* so that, as before in this play.

8. *Paly:* cf. *vasty*, 1 Prologue, 12, and *womby*, ii, 4, 124.

9. *Battle:* army.

9. *Umber'd:* shaded, darkened, as by the use of *umber*, in painting; an effect brought about by the playing of the fires on their faces.

12. *Accomplishing:* furnishing, making complete.

14. *Preparation:* note the pronunciation, in five syllables.

19. *Do the low-rated English play at dice:* i. e., they throw dice for the English, before they have actually been captured. Cf. on iii, 7, 54.

26. *Lank-lean:* for this double adjective, cf. Intro., 30.

36. *Enrounded:* surrounded.

38. *All-watched night:* night spent by the soldiers in watching.

39. *Overbears attaint:* puts down all taint of fear or depression.

41. *That:* so that; see on l. 6, above.

46. *As may unworthiness define:* as far as the rough soldiers can understand or recognise.

50. *With four or five most vile and ragged foils:* cf. Sir Philip Sidney, on the inadequacy of the stage, in the period just preceding Shakspere: "While, in the mean-time, two Armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receiue it [the stage] for a pitched fielde?" (*Apologie for Poetrie, Arber's English Reprints*, p. 64).

50. *Foil:* a sword, with the edge blunted, for exercise in arms. Here the word is used to represent the carriers of the foils, the swordsmen.

53. *Minding true things by what their mockeries be:* conceiving the true state of affairs by this ridiculous and inadequate representation on the stage.

53. *Be:* The plural form *be* (= *are*) was frequently used in Shakspere, especially with an indefinite subject, or where the subject followed the verb. Here, it has a slight subjunctive tinge. Cf. Intro., Gr., 12.

Scene I

Note, in this scene, the way in which verse and prose alternate, as the subject-matter rises or falls in dignity and beauty. Bedford had been left at home as regent, and could hardly have been at this battle.

7. *Which:* what is the antecedent of this relative pronoun?

8. *They are our outward consciences:* i.e., they warn us by outward signs, as our consciences warn us inwardly.

10. *Dress us fairly for our end:* prepare ourselves for our end. Cf. the military, "right dress," "left dress."

16. *Likes me:* pleases me.

19. *Upon example:* on comparing them with what others suffer.

23. *Casted slough:* The slough is the skin cast by the snake, yearly, when it appears in a newer and brighter skin. *Casted:* now an obsolete form of the participle *cast.*

23. *Legerity:* lightness, elasticity; used by Shakspere only here (*Rolfe*).

26. *Do my good morrow:* cf. the Shaksperian usage, "do a message," *i.e., deliver* a message, *Troilus and Cressida,* i, 3, 219.

27. *Desire them all to my pavilion:* i.e., desire them all *to come* to my pavilion.

34. *God-a-mercy:* God have mercy; a common form in Shakspere. Here it seems to be equivalent to *gramercy:* thank you.

35. *Qui va là?* Who goes there?

40. *Trail'st thou:* a pike trailer was a foot-soldier.

44. *Bawcock:* see on iii, 2, 22.

45. *Imp:* A son, youngling.

48. *Bully:* here used in its older sense, as a term of rough friendliness.

51. *I am a Welshman:* Henry was born at Monmouth, which, though not in Wales, is thoroughly Welsh in its characteristics.

54. *Leek:* the emblem of Wales, as the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland.

55. *St. Davy's day:* March 1st.

61. *Figo:* see on iii, 6, 55.

63. *Sorts:* agrees.

70. *Tiddle-taddle, pibble pabble:* tittle-tattle, babbling gossip.

85. *I think it be:* see Intro., Gr., 20.

97. *Nor . . . not:* again the double negative.

99. *The violet smells to him as it does to me:* Cf. Shylock's "Hath not a Jew eyes," etc. This long moralising colloquy between Henry and the soldiers is another of those didactic passages of which the English dramatists and their audiences were apparently so fond. The scene, as it appears much shortened in the Quarto, may represent the acting version.

134. *A feard:* this form still occurs in vulgar usage.

138. *Who:* whom; an instance of the uncertainty of contemporary usage in regard to the form of the nominative and objective cases of pronouns, See Intro., Gr., 5.

160. *Beadle:* an officer of a parish, a church, or a court of justice,

who carried summonses *bidding* attendance, and other messages, and executed certain orders. War (as beadle) also bids men to answer to God for their deeds.

161. *Before-breach:* former breaking of the law. The idea is that men, dying in war, will be punished for previously breaking the King's laws, though they actually die, now, in his service.

186–7. *Perilous shot out of an elder-gun:* a terrible threat! An elder-gun—a pop-gun made from an elder-stem.

204. *Take thee a box on the ear:* give thee, etc.

211. *Enow:* a now obsolete form of *enough.*

212. *French crowns:* a slang expression for baldheads. Hence there is a pun in these lines, the idea being that to cut French crowns (French heads) is no treason, as to cut (or clip, or debase) French coin; and to-morrow the King will be a clipper (of heads, if not coins).

216. *Upon the King:* another of those didactic speeches. See on l. 100, above.

219. *Condition:* to be pronounced as four syllables.

241. *Flexure:* bowing.

246. *Balm:* the anointing oil formerly used at the coronation of kings. The ball was a sign of kingly power.

247. *Mace:* a rod, usually with a small crown on the top, carried, as a sign of authority, before kings and certain officials.

248. *Intertissued:* woven with gold thread, and with pearls sewed on as ornament.

249. *Farced:* literally stuffed; here = puffed, blown up.

253. *Majestical:* a favourite form of Shakspere's.

254. *Can sleep so soundly:* cf. the famous speech of the King, on sleep, 2 *Henry IV*, iii, 1, 1.

259. *The eye of Phœbus:* the light of the sun.

260. *Elysium:* in classic legend, the abode of the blessed, in the world of spirits.

261. *Hyperion:* the sun-god, the sun.

268. *Wots:* knows, understands.

270. *The peasant best advantages:* is for best advantage of the peasant. For the singular verb, see Intro., Gr., 18.

278–9. *The fault, My father made:* i.e., in causing the deposition of the weak king, Richard II, son of Edward, the Black Prince, and in asscending the throne, in violation of the strict laws of descent and heritage.

281. *Have interred new:* in Westminster Abbey.

287. *Chantries:* chapels endowed for the chanting of masses for

the soul of some dead person. The two referred to here were at Bethlehem (near Sheen) and Sion (near Richmond).

Scene II

This is the last scene in which the dramatist is to show us the over-confidence of the French, and it is next to the last scene in which the Dauphin, who has degenerated act by act, into a mere strutting buffoon, is to appear. The reader or auditor begins to feel that it is time for action; there has been sufficient "big talk" on both sides.

2. *Montez à cheval:* mount your horses.

4. *Via,* etc.: Away! Water and land.

5. *Rien,* etc.: Nothing more? Air and fire.

6. *Ciel:* heaven.

11. *Dout:* do out, put out.

14. *Embattled:* in battle array.

18. *Shales:* mere outside shells.

21. *Curtle-axe:* cutlass. It has nothing to do with the word *axe.*

29. *Hilding:* properly a noun; here = mean, slavish,

30. *Basis:* base.

31. *Speculation:* note the pronunciation.

35. *Tucket sonance:* A tucket is a flourish on a trumpet; *sonance* = sound.

39. *Carrions:* cf. *Julius Cæsar,* ii, 1, 130: "old feeble carrions."

41. *Ragged curtains:* tattered banners.

43. *Mars:* in classic fable, the god of war.

44. *Beaver:* the part of the helmet that protects the face; it could be raised.

47. *Lob down:* hang down heavily.

48. *Down-roping:* hanging down like ropes.

51. *Gimmal-bit:* a bit made of rings or links.

60. *On to the field:* This scene is dramatically good, as showing the bravado of the French, opposed to the quiet preparation of the English, in the preceding scene.

Scene III

This scene contains, perhaps, the best bit of poetical rhetoric in the play, the King's speech on St. Crispin's day.

2. *Is rode:* cf. Intro., Gr., 13.

6. *God be wi' you:* From *God be with ye,* has come the contraction *God b' w' ye* = good-bye.

26. *Yearns me not:* grieves me not.

30. *Coz:* a familiar contraction, occurring frequently in Shakspere.

37. *Convoy:* conveyance.

40. *Feast of Crispian:* October 25th. Crispin and Crispian were two brothers who went from Rome to France, to preach the gospel, and who worked as shoemakers the while. They were put to death for their religion, and were afterwards regarded as patron saints of shoemakers.

45. *Vigil:* the night before a saint's day, so called because a watch was formerly kept during the night.

63. *Gentle:* make gentle. For this use of an adjective as a transitive verb, see Intro., 35.

83. *Englutted:* swallowed up.

84. *Desires thee thou wilt mind:* desires that thou wilt mind.

84. *Mind* = remind.

86. *Retire:* retirement; see Intro., 33.

96. *Native graves:* graves in English soil.

105. *Like to the bullet's grazing:* The idea is, that as the bullet, after hitting one object, grazes off and hits another, so the Englishman, who has, alive, so injured the French, shall, after death, by breeding a plague in France, do a second injury to his enemies.

110. *Gilt:* gilding.

114. *Slovenry:* The modern form would be *slovenliness*.

130. *Vaward:* vanguard. Cf. *Coriolanus*, i, 6, 53: "Their lands i' the vaward."

Scene IV

2. *Je pense*, etc.: I think that you are a gentleman of good quality.

4. *Qualtitie calmie custure me:* The first word is Pistol's attempt at *qualité*, the last word of the French soldier's speech; the rest is his effort, perhaps, to get at the words of an old Irish song found by Boswell: Callino, castore me.

6. *O Seigneur Dieu:* O Lord God.

9. *Fox:* a common word for broadsword, which often had the figure of a fox engraved on its blade.

12. *O, prenez*, etc.: O, take pity! have pity on me.

13. *Moy:* Pistol evidently mistook the Frenchman's *moi* for a coin or a measure.

14. *Rim:* the membrane investing the intestines; the peritoneum.

16. *Est-il*, etc.: is it impossible to avoid the force of thy arm?

17. *Brass:* It is hard to see (unless Shakspere's desire for play on words ran away with him), how the Frenchman's *bras* could have sounded to Pistol like *brass*. In Shakspere's time *bras* was probably pronounced as now it is.

20. *O pardonnez moi:* O pardon me.

24. *Écoutez*, etc.: Listen, what is your name?

27. *Fer:* probably a humorous use of the Frenchman's name in a threatening way.

27. *Firk* (a slang word): to beat.

27. *Ferret:* worry, as a ferret does a rat or a rabbit.

31. *Que dit-il, monsieur*, etc.: What does he say, sir?—He bids me tell you to prepare yourself; for this soldier is ready at this moment to cut your throat.

37. *O, je vous supplie*, etc.: O, I beg you, for the love of God, pardon me. I am a gentleman of good house; save my life and I will give you two hundred crowns.

47. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il*, etc.: Little sir, what does he say?—He says again that it is contrary to his oath to pardon any prisoner. Nevertheless, for the crowns which you have promised, he is willing to give you liberty, freedom.—On my knees I give you a thousand thanks, and think myself happy that I am fallen into the hands of a knight who is, I think, the most brave, valiant, and distinguished lord of England.

63. *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine:* Follow the great captain.

67. *This roaring devil i' the old play:* refers to the Devil in the old Morality plays, whose bombastic speech and ridiculous action highly amused the audience; the clown (or "Vice") would beat him, or try to pare his long nails, with a dagger of lath.

69. *They are both hang'd:* One by one, the followers of Falstaff go after him to the grave.

Scene V

1. *O diable*, etc.: O devil! O lord! The day is lost; all is lost! Death of my life.—O evil fortune!

5. *Sits:* for the singular verb, see Intro., Gr., 18.

6. *Are broke:* see Intro., Gr., 13.

7. *Perdurable:* enduring, lasting. Cf. *Othello*, i, 3, 343: "Cables of perdurable toughness."

13. *On heaps:* cf. *Julius Cæsar*, i, 3, 22–3:

> "And there were drawn
> Upon a heap, a hundred ghastly women."

Scene VI

8. *Larding:* enriching. Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, ii, 2, 116: "lards the lean earth."

18. *Well-foughten:* an old form of the participle.

19. *Chivalry:* No better illustration than this play of the chivalry of the Middle Ages has come down to us.

21. *Raught:* an obsolete form of the past tense of *reach*.

22. *Dear my lord:* my dear lord; a very common order in Shakspere.

31. *Mother:* hysterical passion. Cf. *King Lear*, ii, 4, 54: "O, how this *mother* swells up toward my heart."

34. *Mistful:* filled with tears.

Scene VII

1. *Kill the poys:* referring to the act of some runaway Frenchmen, who attacked the camp, when it was defended only by boys and servants, and put the latter to death. In revenge, says Gower, Henry V caused the English to cut the throat of every French prisoner. This seems to Gower a very gallant act on the part of his King.

30. *Figures:* comparison.

35. *Cleitus:* one of Alexander's generals, who had saved the King's life and was greatly regarded. At a banquet, when both had been drinking, some insolent words of Cleitus so provoked Alexander that he killed him.

43. *The fat knight:* Sir John Falstaff's corpulence was the subject of endless jest in 1 and 2 *Henry IV*.

44. *Doublet:* a tight-fitting jacket.

52. *Yond:* now a poetical form of *yonder*.

56. *Skirr:* skurry off; move quickly.

57. *Enforced:* driven with force from.

64. *Fin'd for ransom;* fixed as the price for ransom.

69. *Sort:* separate.

70. *Woe the while:* a contraction for "Woe worth (be) the while!"

71. *Mercenary blood:* the blood of mercenary (hired) soldiers.

75. *Yerk:* jerk, kick out.

87. *Your grandfather:* more correctly, your great-grandfather.

93. *In a garden:* It is said that when King Arthur defeated the Saxons, "in a garden where leeks did grow," St. David ordered that every one of the soldiers should wear a leek in his cap in honour of the event.

94. *Monmouth caps:* worn by soldiers, and noted for their good quality.

97. *Saint Tavy's day:* St. David's day, March 1st.

109. *Our heralds go:* let our heralds go.

110. *Just notice:* exact information.

114. *An 't:* if it.

115. *Withal:* account for this form.

118. *Who, if alive and ever dare to challenge:* thus the Folio.

127. *Great sort:* great conditions.

132. *Jack-sauce:* saucy fellow. Perhaps Fluellen was aiming at *saucy jack.*

135. *Sirrah:* usually applied to an inferior.

145. *When Alençon and myself were down together:* Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, and, on recovering himself, slew two of the Duke's attendants.

166. *If that:* It will have been observed, elsewhere, that Shakspere frequently uses *that* after the conjunctions *if, while,* etc.

Scene VIII

8. *'Sblood:* a contraction of God's blood, an expression common in Shakspere's day.

48. *Your garments:* i.e., Erpingham's cloak, which, it will be remembered from iv, 1, 24, the King was wearing when he and Williams first met.

99. *Davy Gam:* he is said to have saved the King's life on the battlefield.

118. *Non nobis:* not unto us; the first words of the Latin translation of Psalm 115.

118. *Te Deum:* a hymn of praise to God.

ACT V

Prologue

Again the Chorus apologises for the meagre representation, on the stage, of the great subject with which the play deals.

10. *Pales in:* hems in, as with a pale, or fence, formed of men, women, and boys.

12. *Whiffler:* one who goes before and clears obstructions from the path of a king or high official. Here the sea serves in that capacity for Henry, on his way back to England.

17. *Where that: That* frequently follows *where*, as it follows *if*, etc., in Shakspere.

18. *His bruised helmet:* cf. Holinshed, iii, 556, 1, 28: "The King, like a graue and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vaine pompe . . . insomuch that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby might haue appeared to the people the blowes and dints that were to be seene in the same."

20. *Vainness:* vanity.

21. *Trophy:* a memorial of victory.

21. *Ostent:* show.

28. *Their conquering Cæsar:* i.e., Henry.

29. *A lower but loving likelihood:* a similarity affecting one of less than kingly rank, but beloved by the people.

30. *The general:* the Earl of Essex, sent to Ireland early in 1599, to deal with the rebellion of Tyrone. He came back, after a short stay, having accomplished but little. This reference, as stated in the Introduction (p. xix), serves to give a date for the composition of *Henry V* (unless, indeed, the passage is a later insertion).

30. *Our gracious empress:* Elizabeth.

32. *Broached:* spitted, pierced. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, iv, 2, 85: "I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point."

38. *The Emperor:* Sigismund of Germany, who was related to Henry by marriage.

Scene I

Were it not for the words of the chorus (5 Prol., 30 ff), the reader or auditor could not be quite sure just where this scene belongs in time, whether it is an episode of the field of Agincourt, or an episode of the later invasion of France, connecting itself with the siege of Rouen. In 1417 the King again invaded France, overran Normandy, and captured Rouen after a terrible siege. He was aided by the Burgundians, after the murder of their Duke, by agents of the Dauphin. This practically gave Henry control of France.

5. *Scald:* scurvy, filthy.

13. *Turkey-cock:* an anachronism, since turkeys were not known in Europe until after the time of Henry V.

17. *Bedlam:* mad; from the well-known lunatic asylum of London, Bedlam, contracted from St. Mary of Bethlehem.

17. *Trojan:* a term of contempt in Shakspere's time.

18. *Parca's fatal web:* the Parcæ were the Fates.

25. *Cadwallader:* the last of the Welsh kings.

52. *Groat:* a fourpenny piece—an old coin dating from the time of Edward III and only recently withdrawn from currency.

67. *Gleeking:* scoffing, mocking. Cf. *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 1, 150: "I can *gleek* upon occasions."

67. *Galling at:* has much the same meaning, *annoying*.

73. *Doth Fortune play the huswife:* i.e., the *hussy* (used thus contemptuously elsewhere in Shakspere. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 15, 44: "the false huswife Fortune," and *As You Like It*, i, 2, 28: "Let us sit and mock the good huswife Fortune from her wheel.")

74. *Spital:* hospital, as in ii, 1, 71. *My Doll:* the hostess, "the quondam Quickly." Rolfe quotes Johnson here: "The comick scenes of The History of Henry IV and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comick personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure." One can agree, at least, as to Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly; perhaps there is, however, nearly enough of the leek-humbled Pistol.

Scene II

This scene would be supposed by the reader to follow closely on the events described in Act iv (A.D. 1415); as a matter of fact it was not till 1420 that the Treaty of Troyes was made. Here, at Troyes, in the same year, Henry and the Princess Katharine were married.

1. *Wherefore:* for the purpose of peace.

2. *Our brother France:* a ceremonial way of referring to the King of another country as brother, and by the name of the country of which he is king. Notice the French King's "Most worthy brother England" (l. 10, *infra*).

17. *Basilisks:* fabulous serpents, supposed to kill by a look. The name (says Ferguson) was given to the largest cannon. Both meanings are here referred to.

18–19. *The venom of such looks . . . have:* The plural verb is to be attributed to the proximity of *looks*, though *venom* is the subject.

19. *And that this day:* notice the Queen's change of grammatical construction.

23. *Duke of Burgundy:* son of the murdered duke.

27. *This bar:* probably a barrier erected between the two parties, at the interview.

31. *Congreeted:* met as friends.

34. *Why that:* cf. *where that*, 5 Prol., 17.

39. *On heaps:* cf. on iv, 5, 13.

42. *Even-pleach'd:* interwoven smoothly, to thicken the hedge and make it appear neat.

44. *Fallow leas:* leas (or meadows) that could be cultivated, but that are now lying untilled.

45. *Darnel:* wild rye-grass, a common weed.

45. *Hemlock:* a wild poisonous plant.

45. *Fumitory:* called *fumiter*, in *King Lear*, iv, 4, 3; a plant found among grain.

46. *Doth:* a singular verb, with three subjects. Cf. Intro., Gr., 18.

46. *Coulter:* the cutting part of a plough.

47. *Deracinate:* root out, extirpate.

49. *Burnet:* a plant said to be common in the fields in Shakspere's day. Bacon (in his Essay of Gardens) joins it with "Wilde-time and Water-Mints," as perfuming the air most delightfully when "troden upon and crushed."

52. *Kexes:* dried stalks.

65. *Let:* hindrance.

77. *Cursorary:* We use *cursory*. The Folio has *curselarie*, the Quarto *cursenary*.

78. *Pleaseth:* subjunctive.

82. *Accept:* probably an adjective (settled, agreed on), though some regard it as a noun (acceptance).

88. *Advantageable:* advantageous.

94. *Nicely urged:* with too much stress on trifles.

94. *Be:* are. See Intro., Gr., 12.

108. *Pardonnez-moi:* Pardon me.

111. *Que dit-il?* etc.: What does he say? That I am like the angels?—Yes, truly, save your grace, that is what he says.

115. *O bon Dieu! les langues*, etc.: O good Lord! The tongues of men are full of deceit.

131. *Sauf votre honneur*, etc.: Save your honor.

140. *Jack-an-apes:* an impudent fellow.

142. *Nor I have no:* again the double negative, as in *nor never* two lines below.

162. *His:* its.

176. *Je quand sur le possession*, etc.: He means, When I have possession of France and you have possession of me, then France is yours and you are mine.

178. *St. Denis:* the patron-saint of France.

183. *Sauf votre honneur, le François,* etc.: Save your honor, the French which you speak is better than the English which I speak.

186. *Truly—falsely:* with true meaning, though badly expressed.

196. *La plus belle Katharine,* etc.: the most beautiful Katharine in the world, my very dear and divine goddess.

231. *Laissez, mon seigneur,* etc.: Leave me, my lord, leave me, leave me! I do not wish that you should lower your grandeur by kissing the hand of an unworthy servitor. Excuse me, I beg you, my very puissant lord.

236. *Les dames et demoiselles,* etc.: It is not the custom of France for ladies and young girls to be kissed before their marriage.

242. *Entendre, bettre que moi,* etc. understands better than I.

245. *Oui, vraiment:* yes, truly.

247. *Weak list:* weak limits.

270. *Bartholomew-tide:* August 24th.

279. *Perspectively:* as through some optical glass, which gives a false perspective.

306. *Whose very shores look pale:* referring to the white chalky cliffs of the coast.

321. *Paction:* pact, agreement.

Sennet: trumpet flourish.

Shakespeare. 1913.

Anna Hower
Dorothy Brown
Vista Warren
Esther Holmes
Eloise Jordan
Ruth Strimple
Harriet Walker
Iniz Jasper
Grace Howey
Oscar Clogg
Reynolds
Julia Ward
Rose Lehning

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